

SUPPLEMENT: Portraits of the Founders of the Colored American League

# THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE

CENTS A MONTH

MARCH, 1904

\$1.00 A YEAR.

A MONTHLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE  
DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS  
OF THE COLORED RACE.



HON. CYRUS FIELD ADAMS  
Asst. Register of the U. S. Treasury  
(See Page 210)

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ESTABLISHED 1900

# THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE

EDITED BY PAULINE E. HOPKINS

SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00 PER YEAR

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This Illustrated Monthly Magazine is  
Devoted to the Interests of the Colored Race

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**I**T is the organ of "The Colored American League," which was established in the City of Boston in January, 1904, by colored men and women. The motto of the League, which has no political purpose, is "FOR HUMANITY." Its aim is to encourage virtue, industry and patience among the colored people, to the end that they may serve as an example to the oppressed and to those who suffer from prejudice from their fellowmen, from whatever cause, the world over.

\$1.00 pays for membership in the League, also for a subscription for one year to the Magazine, and entitles the subscriber to the handsome League button in three colors.

The recent attacks made by many prominent persons upon our race, and the efforts which have been made in some states in the South to deprive our people, by legislation, of the political and other rights guaranteed us by the Constitution, make it imperative for us everywhere to appeal to the conscience and heart of the American people.

This can only be accomplished by making our white brothers and sisters realize the work we are doing, and that, in a single generation after the abolition of slavery, we have produced not only farmers and mechanics, but singers, artists, writers, poets, lawyers, doctors, successful business men, and even some statesmen.

This is the work in which THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE will lead. It will be the means by which we shall make known not only our aspirations but our accomplishments, as well as the efforts we are ourselves making to uplift our race.

THE COLORED CO-OPERATIVE PUBLISHING COMPANY

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NEW YORK

PHILADELPHIA

W. H. DUPREE, President

WILLIAM O. WEST, Secretary and Manager

JESSE W. WATKINS, Treasurer

82 WEST CONCORD STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

# THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE

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UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT



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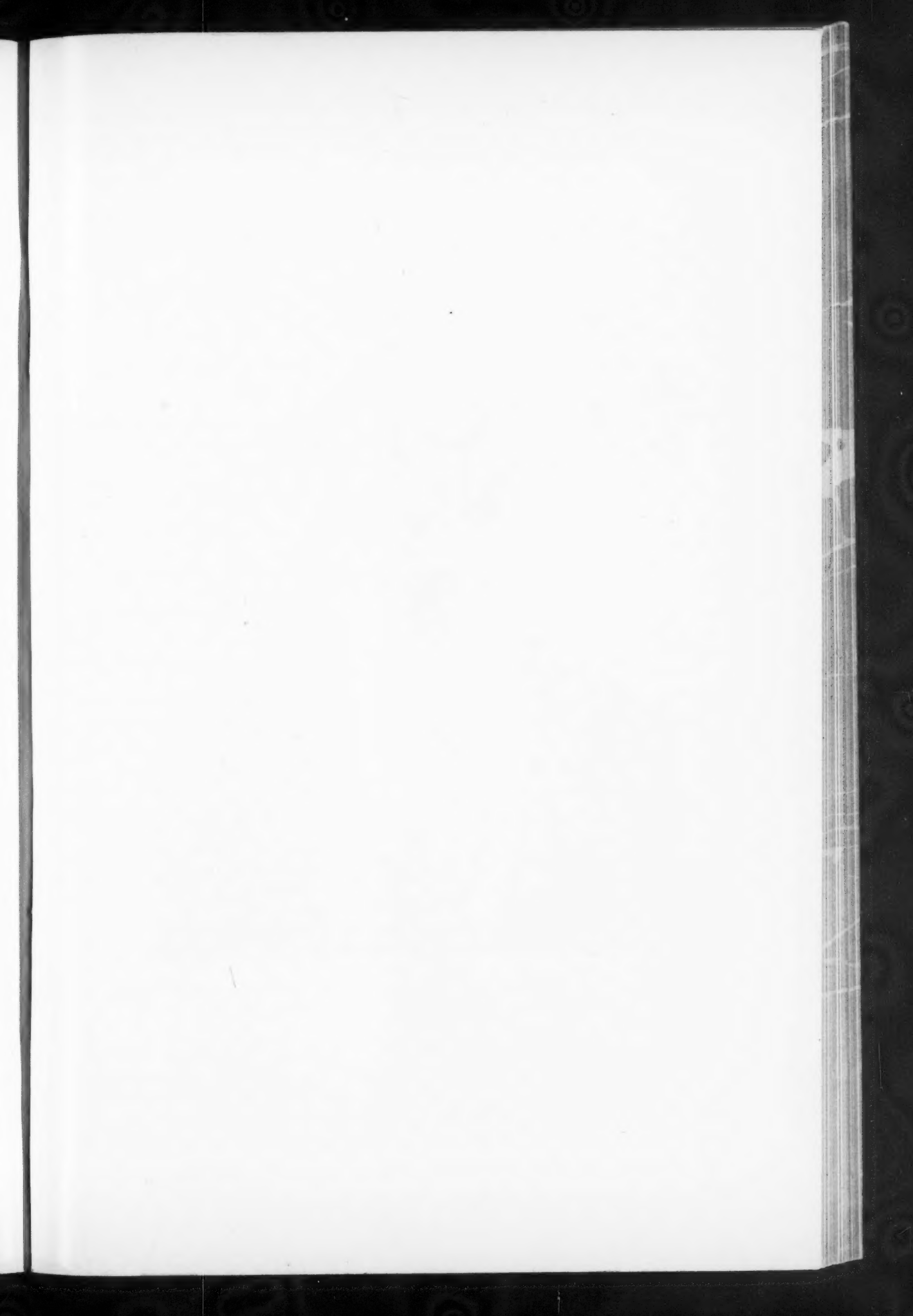
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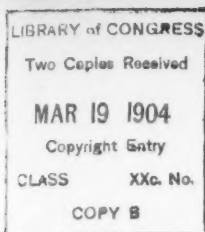




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AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND.

*(See Page 167.)*





# THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. VII.

MARCH, 1904.

NO. 3.

## HOW A NEW YORK NEWSPAPER MAN

ENTERTAINED A NUMBER OF COLORED LADIES AND GENTLEMEN AT  
DINNER IN THE REVERE HOUSE, BOSTON, AND HOW THE  
COLORED AMERICAN LEAGUE WAS STARTED.

BY PAULINE E. HOPKINS.

**A**N event took place at the old Revere House, Boston, celebrated in the annals of the abolition movement—on Sunday afternoon, January 24th, which is destined to have an important bearing upon the future progress of the colored race, as a movement was inaugurated for the establishment of a "Colored American League" upon so simple but exalted a plane that it can but commend itself to broadminded men and women, whatever their race or color.

On this occasion some twenty or more representative ladies and gentlemen of the colored citizens of Boston were entertained at dinner by John C. Freund of New York, a well known newspaper editor, who for over thirty years has been connected with the musical interests and industries of the country.

The purpose of the meeting was to devise plans to sustain "The Colored American Magazine," to broaden its scope and thus increase its usefulness.

Among the guests present were: Colonel and Mrs. W. H. Dupree; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Lee; Mr. and Mrs. Wil-

liam O. West; Captain and Mrs. Charles L. Mitchell; Mr. and Mrs. Edward Everett Brown; Mrs. Mattie A. McAdoo; Miss Pauline E. Hopkins, the editress of "The Colored American Magazine;" Mr. J. Wallace Buchanan; Mr. and Mrs. Butler R. Wilson; Mr. and Mrs. Walter Sampson; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Watkins and Mr. and Mrs. James H. Wolfe.

An excellent dinner was served by the host of the Revere House. With the coffee and cigars, Col. Dupree, president of the Colored Co-operative Publishing Co., rose and said:

WHAT COLONEL DUPREE SAID.

"As you all know, some of us have been endeavoring for several years to sustain a monthly publication known as "The Colored American Magazine," It is published, as you also know, by the Colored Co-operative Publishing Company, an organization founded by Colored men and women, who put into it what money they could spare because they believed the time had come for the publication of a high class magazine, which should take up and discuss the

great questions that interest the colored people, and which should give the world some idea of the progress we have made in the generation that has passed since the abolition of slavery. The magazine was also intended to show that the colored people can advance on all the lines of progress known to other races, that they can be more than tillers of the soil, hewers of wood and drawers of water—that they can attain to eminence (both the men and women among them) as thinkers, as writers, as doctors, as lawyers, as clergymen, as singers, musicians, artists, actors, and also as successful business men, in the conduct of enterprises of importance.

"From the start the magazine attracted attention, and was fairly supported, though its business management was not all that could be desired, so that, as you know, a reorganization of the company became necessary not long ago. Such an undertaking involved, as its friends found out, a larger capital than the company had at its disposal. So the projectors of the enterprise went through distressing experiences, and there are some of us who suffered greatly in our heroic endeavor to keep the magazine alive. But we never despaired. We felt that we had so noble a cause that if we only were loyal to it, the time must come when we would have our reward.

"Some months ago, Mr. Barker, ex-Paymaster in the Navy, and Superintendent of Delivery in the Boston Post Office, a man of noble character, called my attention to a series of articles which had been printed in a New York paper on the condition of the Negroes in the Island of Jamaica, in the British West Indies. These articles, with illustrations by their author, had been written by the editor of that paper. Through Mr. Barker's courtesy, I was enabled to obtain

them and read them through. In Jamaica, as you know, there are some seven hundred thousand colored people and, in all, about fourteen to fifteen thousand whites. These articles, written by Mr. John C. Freund, described the life of our colored brethren in this paradise of the tropics, and took so kindly, yet just, a view of the colored race that I thought it would be a good thing if we could induce Mr. Freund to permit us to republish them in our magazine.

"Thereupon, I wrote to Mr. Freund and received from him permission to republish the articles, accompanied by a promise of material help to testify to his good will towards our enterprise. In the correspondence that ensued between us and also between Mr. Freund and the editor of our magazine, Miss Hopkins, he said he would be glad to be of service to us and expressed a desire to meet some of the representative colored people of Boston, so we might lay out some comprehensive plan of action. For that purpose, he suggested that we be his guests at a dinner that we might meet in social intercourse and discuss ways and means for extending the usefulness of our magazine.

"That is why we are here. That is why Mr. Freund is our host.

"Let me say that Mr. Freund was born in London of German parents, that he received his education at Oxford and London Universities, and soon after, came to this country where he has been continually at work as newspaper editor and writer ever since. He is the oldest publisher of a musical paper in this country. He is also known as a playwright, as a writer on politics and social economics. Mr. Freund has always been a friend of our race and taken an interest in our progress. For that reason, we

may be glad as well as proud to have him as our host on this occasion."

WHAT JOHN C. FREUND SAID.

Mr. Freund, who was accorded a generous reception, spoke as follows:

"My friend, Colonel Dupree, has been so good as to tell you why we have assembled here and he has been so amiable as to refer, in kindly terms, to me personally.

"That you may fully understand my position, let me say, in advance, and before we come to discuss the questions in which we are interested and the best means to further the interests of the magazine, and extend its usefulness—that I have absolutely no interest in the publishing company—hold no stock in it—and, indeed, only recently became aware of the existence of the enterprise through my friend, Mr. Barker of the Post Office, and my subsequent correspondence with Colonel Dupree. I have not come here to say pleasant things to you, nor did I make the journey from New York because I have political aspirations. I am not after the colored vote.

"In a long and somewhat arduous newspaper career, with all the ups and downs, failures and successes that come to a man who has struggled for over a third of a century, there were some things which impressed themselves upon me, as worthy of my interest. Indeed, I may say that in large measure, they were the reasons why I emigrated to this new world, where I had been told there was neither prejudice of caste nor prejudice of religion, nor prejudice of race, but where a man could make himself what his ability, his industry and his courage entitled him to be. From my school days, I myself had felt the prejudice that existed at that time in England, and particularly in the English schools and uni-

versities, against the man with a foreign name, who had anything but orthodox, Protestant-Episcopal blood in his veins. As I grew older and gained experience, as I began to better understand the institutions of this country and the aspiration of its people, I took an ever increasing interest in what is called the colored race problem, not because, let me be frank, I have any particular interest in the colored people as such, but because of the principles which had appealed to me, and because I believed that a man should be what he makes himself, whether his face be white or black, his hair straight or kinky, his eyes blue or brown, whether his nose curves one way or the other.

"So, having seen your magazine, and having learned something of the struggle certain of your people are making to uphold a most worthy endeavor, I have come among you to see in how far such experience as I have as a publisher, editor and writer may be of service to you—to discuss with you ways and means for carrying on the magazine—in a word, to give you, such aid as I can, and to add to it at least an effort to induce some of my friends to do likewise.

"We have been told by many, even by some distinguished writers and thinkers among your own people, that the problems involved in this race issue are so complex as to be almost beyond the grasp and certainly beyond the power of solution of the most enlightened minds.

"Believe me, my friends, the problems may be fully as complex as they have been described, but the principles that must guide us in every effort to solve them, are not complex. They are extremely simple.

"Where shall we find these principles?

"We shall find them in the Declaration of Independence, in the Constitution of

the United States, and we shall also find them in the teaching of the Christian religion. It is by understanding what these principles are, it is by plainly insisting that they shall be upheld and it is by living up to them ourselves that we shall go very far to put this whole, grave question upon a very different basis to that upon which it rests to-day. The basic thought which underlies these principles may be summed up in one word—Justice!

"I will scarcely even touch upon the distressing situation in which many of your people find themselves in the Southern States to-day. To understand that, a man must have the ability to place himself not only in your position, but in the position of the Southern people who emerged from a terrible war, ruined, and with that legacy which war always leaves and which it will take more than one generation to obliterate.

"I do not believe that force settles anything in life, except that one individual or a nation is stronger than another. I do not believe that great questions have ever been settled by force or will be. The appeal for justice or fair play for your people in the South and even in the North, must be made without even a suspicion that you have any intention to have recourse to elements which can only aggravate the trouble and put its solution further off.

"What you have to do is to put up such a proposition to the heart, the conscience, the chivalry, not only of the South, but of the people of the whole United States, that justice must—and will be done you. You have to show that you are worthy of citizenship by your ability, by your industry, by your high purpose. You must show that you can achieve success in all the walks of life, not alone as farmers and tillers of the soil. And when you do this, you must

take steps to make what you have done, known.

"There are before you, therefore, two educational propositions. The colored people have to be educated, and, as has been repeatedly said by that noble apostle of justice, "The New York Evening Post," the public must be educated to the fact that you have already risen and that you are using brave efforts to uplift your race and bring it to a higher plane.

"With regard to the work to be done in raising the general condition of the colored people, let us not forget that while slavery as an institution is detestable the history of the world shows us that it has served as the stepping stone from barbarism to civilization.

"Now, there are two methods to secure what is called "uplifting" a people. One, in which many believe, is the paternal, legislative method. By this, men are taught by politicians and newspaper writers to look to the government for help, to expect laws to be passed for their benefit, which shall give them something for nothing.

"I am not of these. I believe that the great thinker who said the best governed country is the least governed country was right, and that the function of government is rather to provide and guard opportunity than to pass a mass of legislation which, as we all know, generally ends in benefit to the privileged few. You cannot make men honest or industrious by act of Congress or state legislature. Neither can you confer upon them an education by any similar method.

"We have, therefore, to look to the other method, which is that to-day approved by advanced thinkers, and this method is to perfect an educational organization of schools, of newspapers, of museums, trade schools, by which you can reach the individual, for a race is,



after all, composed of individuals, and right here it is that your magazine, which you have struggled so bravely to keep alive for these three or four years, can do great work.

"Your magazine can appeal to the individual member of your race, inspire him with hope for the future, with confidence, raise his aspiration and give him much valuable knowledge. It can do as much also by informing the people of this country, the whites, as to what you have already done, as to what you all purpose to do, in the future. Thus it will serve a double purpose. It will afford a forum to your own people, be an element of instruction to them, and it will at the same time open the eyes of your detractors and slanderers to the fact that you have already, in a single generation produced writers, thinkers, even statesmen,—produced clergymen, farmers, singers, artists, successful business men,—that you have already accumulated in the Southern States alone over five hundred millions of taxable property; so that making full allowance for the advantages you have enjoyed by living in the age of the telephone and telegraph, you have made a greater advance in a third of a century than any other race I ever knew anything about or have read anything about, did in anything like the same time.

"As some of you, no doubt, have heard, there are men in the South so narrow-minded, so mistaken, that they are endeavoring to take away from you, by legislative action, the rights guaranteed to you under the Constitution.

"Personally, I would abolish the right of the ignorant negro to vote, but only for the reason that I would abolish the right of every ignorant man to vote. I do not believe in manhood suffrage, especially when we deny the suffrage to the noblest of our mothers.

"One of those who has maligned your race is Governor Vardaman of Mississippi, who in one of his recent public utterances, declared that the Negro never could rise above the level of the brute, that at best, he could be nothing but a human machine, toiling for his bread in the fields, and that education encouraged his natural criminal instincts. When the Governor of a great state stands up and says this, I feel that I must stand up on the other side and say as plainly as I can that in this declaration he has wronged himself more than the Negro, and that if he will reflect, he will see that in denying the colored people a capacity to rise he has not insulted them, but the human race, and blasphemed its Creator. For, my friends, if there are people born on this earth incapable of advancement, who never can rise above the brute, upon whom education can only have a damning influence, then I, for one, refuse to believe in a Divine Mind, in a Divine Purpose, in a Divine Creator, who could permit such an atrocity.

"It is because I believe that there is no child, man or woman born on the earth who is beyond the power of love and justice, that I am here among you.

"I notice, in one of the articles written by your worthy, most talented and self-sacrificing editress, Miss Hopkins, a tendency to refer to her people as a "proscribed race."

"You must cease to speak of yourselves as a proscribed people. You must cease to dwell upon your wrongs in the past, however bitter, however cruel.

"How shall the barriers that hold you in be broken down, if you insist upon living behind them? Your duty is to forget the past, at least, to put it behind you and to advance bravely, with your faces to the dawn and the light.

"This is not a fight for the colored people. This is a fight "for humanity." It

is only one more phase of the old fight against prejudice and privilege which has been going on ever since man was born.

"Do you believe that you have a monopoly of prejudice? That you colored people are the only ones who have suffered at the hands of the ignorant and unenlightened? Think of the poor Jews outraged and slaughtered in Russia! Remember that it is only a few years ago that a Catholic or a Hebrew could not sit in the English House of Commons. I can go back to my boyhood days in London, and recall that every other advertisement for help in the daily papers contained the announcement: "No Irish need apply."

"You yourselves, therefore, must not sustain the idea of exclusiveness. You must, as I said, no longer think of your wrongs, you must cease to think of those who speak ill of you, who take isolated cases of horror as the basis of an indictment against you all. And, indeed, is it not just that you should do so?

"Have you forgotten the tens of thousands who died that you might be free? Have you forgotten the martyred Lincoln? Is it not more becoming that, instead of being exercised by the position taken by a Vardaman, you should remember and be sustained by these words of Lincoln in his Gettysburg address:

"It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead, we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion, that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under God shall have a new birth of freedom, so that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth."

"I told you, a minute ago, that one of the great purposes of this, your mag-

azine, will be to acquaint the white people with what you have already done, with the marvelous advance you have already made, with the institutions of learning that you are supporting and with the magnificent effort that you are making all over the country to uplift yourselves. But just as the whites have almost everything to learn about you, so you yourselves have almost everything to learn as to what some of our most noble-minded women as well as men are doing in your interest or rather in the cause of liberty, truth and justice.

"I have already referred to "The New York Evening Post," a paper of high standing and large influence, which I always carefully read, though I sometimes disagree with it. But there is one feature of its policy, which raises it to the highest plane, and that is, the broad, human, fearless and absolutely just position it takes with regard to this so-called race problem. There is scarcely a week, my friends, that this prominent journal does not devote some portion of its space, in its editorial and other columns, to an exposition of what the public attitude should be to your people, not alone because of your rights, but because of the work you are doing, because so many of you are winning your way to a place beside the best of us.

"In this connection, I could quote you many an able writer and thinker who has stood up in your cause, or, as I would prefer to call it, in the cause of humanity. Only this month, I find in "McClure's Magazine" a magnificent article by Carl Schurz on the question, "Can the South Solve the Negro Problem?" Most of you, no doubt, have heard of Carl Schurz as a distinguished man of German birth, as a man who was a member of the Government at one time, but few of you know of the great service that this man, now advanced in age, has rendered the

country. He has had, to quote the eloquent words of the editor of McClure's: 'an active share in settling each successive phase of the Negro question since the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. He was one of the founders of the Republican party. He helped elect Lincoln to the Presidency. He fought through the Civil War. He studied the condition on the ground after hostilities ceased, and was influential in ending military rule in 1872.'

'Mr. Schurz' article has, to again quote the editor of McClure's: 'The moral authority which comes only from a man who has never allowed any consideration of policy to obscure the ethical meaning of the question with which he dealt.'

"I will quote you only a few sentences from Mr. Schurz' article. They will give you, as I said, at least some idea of the brave fight that is being made on the other side:

"'Can it be said by way of moral justification,' he writes, 'that the colored people have deserved to be deprived of their rights as a punishment for something they have done? It is an undisputed matter of history that they came to this country not of their own volition—that they were not intruders, but that they were brought here by force to serve the selfishness of white men, that they did such service as slaves, patiently and submissively for two and a half centuries, that even during a war which was waged incidentally, if not directly for their deliverance, a large majority of them faithfully continued to serve their masters while these were fighting to keep them in slavery; that they were emancipated not by any insurrectionary act of theirs, but by the act of the government; that when after their emancipation they confronted their old masters as free men, they did not, so far as known, commit a single act

of vengeance for cruelties they may have suffered while in slavery; that the right of suffrage was given to them not in obedience to any irresistible urgency on their part, but by the national power wielded by white men, to enable the emancipated colored people to protect their own rights, and that when their exercise of the suffrage brought forth, in some states, foolish extravagance and corrupt government, it was again particularly owing to the leadership of white men who worked themselves into their confidence and for their own profit, led them astray.'

"Further on in his article, Mr. Schurz says:

"'Here is the crucial point: There will be a movement, either in the direction of reducing the Negroes to a permanent condition of serfdom—the condition of mere plantation hands, alongside of the mule, practically without any rights of citizenship—or a movement in the direction of recognizing him as a citizen in the true sense of the term. One or the other will prevail.'

"You and I need not discuss which of these directions named by Mr. Schurz appeal to us, which of these directions must be taken.

"No reference to those who are fighting prejudice, from which you suffer, would be complete without a tribute to our brave President, Theodore Roosevelt, who has shown, again and again, that he stands for all the people, black as well as white.

"Let us also not forget the disinterested aid being given so lavishly by noble white women and men to Tuskegee and other similar institutions established for the education of the colored race.

"We now come to consider what is the best plan of action.

"In the first place, you must learn to help yourselves. All the help, whether



it come from individuals of limited resources like myself, or from some great millionaire, will mean nothing unless you can put it to wise use and learn to become absolutely independent. You must conduct your magazine on business principles. You must get out and hustle for subscribers and advertisements. The Magazine must be attractive. It must stand on its own basis as worth the ten cents you charge for it. It must be conducted on a high plane so that it shall appeal to the good will and sympathy of the broadminded, so they may, of their own volition, feel an irresistible impulse to come to your aid and the aid of those principles, to maintain which you have struggled and suffered.

"Before coming here, I discussed with Colonel Dupree, Mr. Watkins, the energetic treasurer of the Magazine, who has stood by the institution so bravely and with such tremendous self-sacrifice; with Mr. West, the business manager, with Miss Hopkins and with others of their friends, the advisability of starting a 'Colored American League,' whose motto shall be: 'For Humanity;' which shall have no political purpose whatever, but whose one aim shall be to encourage virtue, industry and patience among the colored people, to the end that they may serve as an example to the oppressed and to those who suffer from prejudice, at the hands of their fellow men, from whatever cause, the world over.'

"I would suggest to you that membership in the league be fixed at the modest sum of one dollar, which shall include a subscription for a year to the Magazine and also a badge or button. In this way, the thousands of subscribers and readers of the Magazine will at once become one family. The Magazine will be recognized not only among its colored friends, but among the whites, as the highest literary expression of your race. As

such, it will undoubtedly receive consideration at the hands of the more enlightened editors in the country, who will be glad to take it up and review it on its merits, and certainly give it a helping hand if it deserves it.

"I am glad to be with you. If you can learn a little from me, I feel and know that I shall learn much from you. The great curse of the world is ignorance. It is when we get to know one another; when we get to understand one another better; when man meets man, that we find that three-fourths of all the prejudice and three-fourths of all the wrong and three-fourths of all the misery of the world can be done away with.

"When we understand one another we get right down to the great basic truth, that we are, after all, members of one human family, whatever our color or our race.

"Remember always that every race has had to struggle; that every race has had its period where it suffered from prejudice and from wrong, and that it was its ability to rise and overcome every obstacle before it, that finally developed its strength and so determined its right to live."

#### FORMATION OF THE COLORED AMERICAN LEAGUE.

Mr. Freund's speech, which was cordially received, was followed by a general discussion, at the end of which those present formed themselves into a committee to organize "The Colored American League" on the lines suggested, to make "The Colored American Magazine" the exponent of the League's work, and to do everything in their power to aid the work by personal efforts for subscription and business.

In the discussion, some brilliant speeches were made, among others by Mr. Butler R. Wilson, a lawyer, who said that it gave him great pleasure to



be present, and, while he would not agree with all that had been said, he readily admitted that there was much food for thought. Even among the colored people themselves, there was large diversity of opinion as to the best way to solve the Negro problem. He said he thoroughly agreed with Mr. Freund's plea that the colored people should cease to regard themselves with the eyes of black men and black women. They should get on a broader plane—the plane of humanity.

Mr. Wolfe, Vice-Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, expressed himself eloquently and forcibly on the situation, and said he congratulated himself that his people, in Boston at least, had overcome prejudice, and that in Boston, every man had an opportunity to make his own place in the community, without regard to race or color.

Mr. Wolfe paid a great compliment to the honorable life of Colonel Dupree, who had lived in the midst of the colored community for years. He also spoke of Mr. Mitchell, who has a prominent position in the Custom House, and is a veteran of the war, as a type of the best element of the colored people, as a man who did good all the time, quietly, and made no fuss or noise about it.

Miss Pauline E. Hopkins, the editress of the Magazine, gave a most eloquent and touching account of the struggles of the magazine, with which she has been connected almost from its inception. She said that there were times when there was not a dollar in the treasury, and when the darkness of despair settled upon the little band of men and women who had devoted themselves to the cause, but even in the worst days, when everything seemed to have gone against them, they never despaired.

Mr. Joseph Lee said that it was appropriate that the dinner and the meeting

had been held in the old Revere House in Boston, the scene of so many noble efforts in the old Abolition Days. He said he thought the white man had become tired of the Negro question, and that their hope lay in the leadership of their own men and women. He asked the detractors of his race to remember that with freedom and opportunity, the South was producing to-day eleven millions of bales of cotton where, under slavery, it only produced four millions.

Mr. Edward E. Brown said:

“Justice — Freedom — Equality!” These are the watchwords of the present day.” Mr. Brown said further that he could not help being reminded of the words of John Andrews, the War Governor of Massachusetts, who, when the soldiers went to the front, said:

“I know not what record of sin there may be against me, but I do know that I was never mean enough to despise a man because he was poor, because he was ignorant, or because he was black.”

Mr. Brown told how he had been born in New Hampshire, had come to Boston poor, to struggle for a living, and could say, with pride, of the Boston schools, that no white boy had ever called him “nigger,” or called him “coon.” He had learned his lessons on the same bench with the white boy.

“Any man,” said Mr. Brown, “who withholds from us our rights, who denies us opportunity for advancement, does an act of injustice, the wickedness and cruelty of which are beyond all power of estimation. Let us never forget that we shall win, not because we are colored men, but because we have perseverance, because we have grit, because we develop ability.”

At this point of the proceedings, Mrs. Mitchell, the well-known artiste, wife of Capt. Chas. L. Mitchell, sang Kipling's “Recessional,” and an encore,

in the most delightful manner. The discussion was closed by Mr. Buchanan, who said that while he was not a man of education, he was glad to work along the line of humanity. As far as he himself was concerned, he could as little encourage prejudice against one race as another, for did not the blood of both races flow in his veins, and how could he ask his right hand to strike his left cheek?

Mr. Sampson was the last speaker. He said that what the colored people must do to win success was to go about their work in a straightforward, practi-

cal, business way, and then the result would come.

Since the meeting was held, considerable work has been done by the promoters of the League. A large number of new subscribers have been received for the magazine. Some very distinguished men and women, both in Boston and New York, have become interested in the cause, and there is every reason to believe that within a year or more, the League will have tens of thousands of members, who will be working for the noble purpose announced by its founders.

\* \* \* \*

## LIFE'S WAY.

MRS. EFFIE THREET-BATTLES.

How we grovel here in weakness,  
How our hearts are prone to sin!  
Each new year brings forth new duties,  
Sees us a new life begin.

But when each day dawns upon us,  
With its trials and its cares,  
We forget our resolutions,  
And fall victim to its snares.

Anger comes with all her vices,  
Rules us in her iron sway,  
Till we bow in meek submission—  
Her commands we must obey.

As she sways her sceptre o'er us,  
See the cheek with scarlet glow,  
See the bright eyes how they sparkle,  
As the heart prepares the blow.

Then the lips pour out in torrents  
Cruel words like poisoned darts,  
See them fill the air around us,  
Piercing many a lonely heart.

Then at best, when we are sorry,  
For the wrong we've done our friend,  
And would seek again their bosom,  
And with theirs our spirit blend,

In comes Pride, with haughty footsteps,  
Glides into our troubled breast,  
Drives out Reason with her pleadings,  
Making her own way seem best.

So we leave unsaid our kind words,  
Slight again the wounded one,  
Heedless of their grief and sorrow,  
Heedless of their kindness done.

Then Remorse comes, grim and stately,  
In his hand holds now our fate,  
Holds his cruel glass before us,  
Till we sigh the words: "Too late."

Thus we go along life's highway,  
Poor and humble, sinful, weak;  
But there's One above Who'll help us,  
If we but His mercy seek.

## THE HOUR AND THE MAN.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

(By Permission of Harper and Brothers.)

THE consternation of the deputies and their guests was extreme. Every man showed his terror in his own way; but one act was universal. Each one produced arms of one sort or another. Even Odeluc, it appeared, had not come unarmed. While they were yet standing in groups about the table, the door burst open, and a Negro, covered with dust and panting with haste, ran in and made for the head of the table, thrusting himself freely through the parties of gentlemen. The chairman, at sight of the man, turned pale, recoiled for a moment, and then, swearing a deep oath, drew the short sword he wore, and ran the Negro through the body.

"Oh, master!" cried the poor creature, as his life ebbed out in the blood which inundated the floor.

This act was not seen by those outside, as there was a screen of persons standing between the tables and the windows. To this accident it was probably owing that the party survived that hour, and that any order was preserved in the town.

"Shame, Proteau! shame!" said Odeluc, as he bent down, and saw that the Negro was dying. Papalier, Bayou, and a few more cried "Shame!" also, while others applauded.

"I will defend my deed," said Proteau, struggling with the hoarseness of his voice, and pouring out a glass of wine to clear his throat. His hand was none of the steadiest as he did so. "Hush that band! There is no hearing one's

self speak. Hush! I say; stop!" and swearing, he passionately shook his fist at the musicians, who were still making the air of the Marseillaise peal through the room. They instantly stopped and departed.

"There! you have sent them out to tell what you have done," observed a deputy.

"I will defend my deed," Proteau repeated, when he had swallowed the wine. "I am confident the Negroes have risen. I am confident the fellow came with bad intent."

"No fear but the Negroes will rise anywhere in the world, where they have such as you for masters," said Odeluc.

"What do you mean, sir?" cried Proteau, laying his hand on the hilt of his dripping sword.

"I mean what I say. And I will tell you, too, what I do not mean. I do not mean to fight to-night with any white, and, least of all, with one who is standing in a pool of innocent blood of his own shedding." And he pointed to Proteau's feet, which were, indeed, soaked with the blood of his slave.

"Hush! hush! gentlemen!" cried several voices. "Here is more news!"

"Hide the body!" said Bayou; and, as he spoke, he stooped to lift it. M. Brelle made shorter work. He rolled it over with his foot, and kicked it under the table. It was out of sight before the master of the hotel entered, followed by several Negroes from the plain, to say that the "force" had risen on several plantations, had dismantled the mills,

burned the sugar-houses, set fire to the crops, murdered the overseers, and, he feared, in some cases, the proprietors.

"Where?" "Whose estates?" "What proprietors?" asked every voice present.

"Where did it begin?" was the question the landlord applied himself first to answer.

"It broke out on the Noe estate, sir. They murdered the refiner and his apprentice, and carried off the surgeon. They left another young man for dead, but he got away, and told the people on the next plantation; but it was too late, then. They had reached M. Clement's by that time, and raised his people. They say M. Clement is killed; but some of his family escaped. They are here in the town, I believe."

Some of the deputies now snatched their hats, and went out to learn where the fugitives were, and thus to get information, if possible, at first hand.

"All is safe in our quarter at present, I trust," said Papalier to Bayou; "but shall we be gone? Your horse is here, I suppose. We can ride together."

"In a moment. Let us hear all we can first," replied Bayou.

"Do you stay for that purpose, then, and look to our horses. I will learn what the governor's orders are, and come here for you presently;" and Papalier was gone.

When Bayou turned to listen again, Odeluc was saying,

"Impossible! incredible! Gallifet's force risen! Not they! They would be firm if the world were crushed flat. Why, they love me as if I were their father!"

"Nevertheless, sir, you owe your safety to being my guest," said the landlord, with a bow as polite as on the most festive occasion. "I am happy that my roof should——"

"Who brought this report?" cried

Odeluc. "Who can give news of Gallifet's Negroes?" And he looked among the black faces which were clustered behind the landlord. No one spoke thence; but a voice from the piazza said:

"Gallifet's force has risen. The canes are all on fire."

"I will bring them to their senses," said Odeluc, with sudden quietness. "I have power over them. The governor will give me a handful of men from the town-guard, and we shall set things straight before morning. The poor fellows have been carried away while I was not there to stand by them, but making speeches here, like a holiday fool. I will bring them to their senses presently. Make way, friends, make way." And Odeluc stepped out among the blacks on the piazza, that being the shortest way to the government house.

"I hope he is not too confident," whispered a town deputy to a friend from the south; "but this is bad news. Gallifet's plantation is the largest in the plain, and only eight miles off."

A sort of scream, a cry of horror, from one who stood close by, stopped the deputy.

"Boirien! what is the matter?" cried the deputy, as Boirien hid his face with his arms upon the table, and a strong shudder shook his whole frame.

"Do not speak to him! I will tell you," said another. "Oh, this is horrible! They have murdered his brother-in-law on Flaville's estate, and carried off his sister and her three daughters into the woods. Something must be done directly. Boirien, my poor fellow, I am going to the governor. Soldiers shall be sent to bring your sister into the town. We shall bring her here before morning; and you must bring her and her family to my house."

No one could endure to stay to hear



more. Some went to learn elsewhere the fate of those in whom they were interested. Some went to offer their services to the governor; some to barricade their own houses in the town; some to see whether it was yet possible to intrench their plantations. Some declared their intention of conveying the ladies of their families to the convent; the place always hitherto esteemed safe, amidst all commotions. It soon appeared, however, that this was not the opinion of the sisters themselves on the present occasion, nor of the authorities of the town; for the muffled nuns were seen hurrying down to the quay, under the protection of soldiers, in order to take refuge on board the vessels in the bay. All night long boats were plying in the harbor, conveying women, children, plate, and money on board the ships which happened to be in the roads.

The landlord would have been glad of the help of any of his guests in clearing his house; but they had no sympathy to spare; no time to think of his plate and wines. As the whites disappeared from the room, the blacks poured in. They allowed the landlord to sweep away his plate, but they laid hands on the wines; and many a smart speech, many a light laugh, resounded within those walls till morning, while consternation reigned without. When these thoughtless creatures sauntered to their several homes in the sunrise, they found that such of their fellow-servants as they had been accustomed to look up to, as abler and more trusted than themselves, had disappeared, and no one would tell whither they were gone—only that they were quite safe.

When M. Papalier returned to the hotel from his cruise for information, he found his neighbor Bayou impatiently waiting on horseback, while Henri, still

in his white apron, was holding the other horse.

"Here, sir; mount, and let us be off," cried Bayou. "We owe it to my friend Henri, here, that we have our horses. The gentlemen from the country very naturally took the first that came to hand to get home upon. They say Leroy is gone home on a dray-mule. I rather expect to meet Toussaint on the road. If he sees the fires, he will be coming to look after me."

"He cannot well help seeing the fires," replied Papalier. "They are climbing up the mountain side, all the way along the Haut du Cap. We shall be singed like two porkers if we do not ride like two devils; and then we shall be lucky if we do not meet two thousand devils by the way."

"Do you suppose the road is safe, Henri?" asked Bayou. "I know you will tell me the truth."

"Indeed, master, I know nothing," replied Henri. "You say you shall meet Toussaint. I will ride with you till you meet him, if you will. Our people all know him and me."

"Do so, Henri. Do not wait to look for another horse. Jump up behind me. Mine is a strong beast, and will make no difficulty even of your weight. Never mind your apron. Keep it for a flag of truce in case we meet the enemy."

They were off, and presently emerged from the comparative darkness of the streets into the light of the fires. None of the three spoke, except to urge on the horses up the steep, sandy road, which first presented an ascent from the town, and then a descent to the plain, before it assumed the level which it then preserved to the foot of the opposite mountains, nearly fifty miles off. No one appeared on the road; and the horsemen had, therefore, leisure to cast

glances behind them as they were slowly carried up the ascent. The alarm-bell was now sending its sullen sounds of dismay far and wide in the air, whose stillness was becoming more and more disturbed by the draughts of the spreading fires, as the canes caught, like torches, up the slopes to the right. Pale, twinkling lights, sprinkled over the cape and the harbor—lights which looked like glow-worm tapers amidst the fiery atmosphere—showed that every one was awake and stirring in the town and on board the ships; while an occasional rocket, mounting in the smoky air from either the Barracks or Government-house, showed that it was the intention of the authorities to intimate to the inhabitants of the remoter districts of the plain that the Government was on the alert, and providing for the public safety.

On surmounting the ridge, Henri stretched out his hand, and pulled the bridle of M. Bayou's horse to the left, so as to turn it into a narrow green track which here parted from the road.

"What now, sir?" cried Papalier, in a tone of suspicion, checking his horse instead of following.

"You may, perhaps, meet two thousand devils if you keep the high-road to the plain," answered Henri, quietly. To M. Bayou he explained that Toussaint would probably choose this road, through Madame Oge's plantation.

"Come on, Papalier; do not lose time. All is right enough," said Bayou. "The grass-tracks are the safest to-night, depend upon it."

Papalier followed in discontented silence. In a few moments Henri again pulled the bridle—a decided check this time—stopping the horse.

"Voices," he whispered. Bayou could hear none. In a moment Henri continued:

"It is Toussaint. I thought we should meet him hereabout."

The next turn of the path brought them upon Toussaint, who was advancing with the led horse from Breda. Not far behind him was Madame Oge's house, the door standing wide, and, seen by the light within, a woman in the doorway. Toussaint pulled up. Henri leaped down, and ran to shake hands with his friend. Papalier took the opportunity to say, in a low voice, to Bayou,

"You must send your fellow there on board ship. You must, there is no doubt of it. The governor, and all the householders in Cap, are doing so with their cleverest Negroes; and if there is a clever one in the colony, it is Toussaint."

"I shall do no such thing," said Bayou. "I have trusted Toussaint for thirty years and I shall not distrust him now—now, when we most need those we can best confide in."

"That is exactly what M. Clement said of his postilion; and it was his postilion that struck him to the heart. You must send Toussaint on board ship; and I will tell you how——"

Papalier stopped, perceiving that the two Negroes were not talking, but had their eyes fixed on him.

"What is that?" said Henri. "Is Toussaint to go on board ship?"

"No, no, nonsense," said Bayou; "I am not going to send any body on board ship. All quiet at Breda, I suppose, Toussaint?"

"All quiet, sir, at present. M. Papalier, on board ship I will not go."

"As your master pleases. It is no concern of mine, Toussaint," said Papalier.

"So I think," replied Toussaint.

"You see your faithful hands, your very obedient friends, have got a will of their own already," whispered Papalier

to Bayou, as they set their horses forward again; Henri turning homeward on the tired horse which had carried double, and Bayou mounting that which Toussaint had brought.

"Will you go round, or pass the house?" Toussaint asked of his master. "Madame Oge is standing in the doorway."

Bayou was about to turn his horse's head, but the person in the doorway came out into the darkness and called him by his name. He was obliged to go forward.

"Madame," said he, "I hope you have no trouble with your people. I hope your people are all steady."

"Never mind me and my people," replied a tremulous voice. "What I want to know is what has happened at Cap. Who have risen? Whose are these fires?"

"The Negroes have risen on a few plantations, that is all. We shall soon—"

"The Negroes!" echoed the voice. "You are sure it is only the Negroes?"

"Only the Negroes, madame. Can I be of service to you? If you have any reason to fear that your force—"

"I have no reason to fear anything. I will not detain you. No doubt you are wanted at home, M. Bayou."

And she re-entered her house and closed the doors.

"How you have disappointed her!" said Papalier. "She hoped to hear that her race had risen, and were avenging her sons on us. I am thankful to-night," he continued, after a pause, "that my little girls are at Paris. How glad might that poor woman have been if her sons had staid there! Strange enough! Paris is called the very centre of disorder, and yet it seems the only place for our sons and daughters in these days."

"And strangely enough," said Bayou, "I am glad that I have neither wife, son,

nor daughter. I felt that, even while Odeluc was holding forth about the age of security which we were now entering upon—I felt at the moment that there must be something wrong; that all could not be right when a man feels glad that he has only himself to take care of. Our Negroes are better off than we, so far. Hey, Toussaint?"

"I think so, sir."

"How many wives and children have you, Toussaint?" asked Papalier.

"I have five children, sir."

"And how many wives in your time?"

Toussaint made no answer. Bayou said for him:

"He has such a good wife that he never wanted more. He married her when he was five-and-twenty; did not you, Toussaint?"

Toussaint had dropped into the rear. His master observed that Toussaint was rather romantic, and did not like jesting on domestic affairs. He was more prudish about such matters than whites fresh from the mother country. Whether he had got it out of his books, or whether it really was a romantic attachment to his wife, there was no knowing; but he was quite unlike his race generally in family matters.

"Does he take upon himself to be scandalized at us?" asked Papalier.

"I do not ask him. But if you like to consult him about your Therese, I do not doubt he will tell you his mind."

"Come, can not we get on faster? This is a horrid road, to be sure; but poor Therese will think it is all over with me if she looks at the red sky toward Cap."

There were reasons enough for alarm about M. Papalier's safety, without looking over toward Cap. When the gentlemen arrived at Arabie, his plantation, they found the iron gates down and lying on the grass; young trees hewn down as if for bludgeons; the cattle

couched in the cane-fields, lapped in the luxury of the sweet tops and sprouts; the doors of the sugar-house and mansion removed, the windows standing wide, and no one to answer call. The slave-quarter also was evidently deserted.

Papalier clapped spurs to his horse, and rode round faster than his companions could follow him. At length Bayou intercepted his path at a sharp turn, caught his bridle, and said:

"My dear fellow, come with me. There is nothing to be done here. Your people are all gone; and if they come back, they will only cut your throat. You must come with me; and, under the circumstances I cannot stay longer. I ought to be at home."

"True, true. Go, and I will follow. I must find out whether they have carried off Therese. I must and I will."

Toussaint pricked his horse into the courtyard, and, after a searching look around, dragged out from behind the well a young Negress who had been crouching there, with an infant in her arms. She shrieked and struggled till she saw Papalier, when she rushed toward him.

"Poor Therese!" cried he, patting her shoulder. "How we have frightened you! There is nobody here but friends. At least, so it seems. Where are all the people? And who did this mischief?"

The young creature trembled excessively; and her terror marred for the time a beauty which was celebrated all over the district—a beauty which was admitted as fully by the whites as by people of her own race. Her features were now convulsed by fear as she told what had happened; that a body of Negroes had come three hours since; and had summoned Papalier's people to meet at Latour's estate, where all the force of the plains was to unite before

morning; that Papalier's people made no difficulty about going, only stopping to search the house for what arms and ammunition might be there, and to do the mischief which now appeared; that she believed the whites at the sugar-house must have escaped, as she had seen and heard nothing of bloodshed; and that this was all she knew, as she had hidden herself and her infant, first in one place, and then in another, as she fancied safest, hoping that nobody would remember her, which seemed to have been the case, as no one molested her till Toussaint saw her, and terrified her as they perceived. She had not looked in his face, but supposed that some of Latour's people had come back for her.

"Now you will come with me," said Bayou to Papalier, impatiently.

"I will, thank you. Toussaint, help her up behind me, and carry the child, will you? Hold fast, Therese, and leave off trembling as soon as you can."

Therese would let no one carry the infant but herself. She kept her seat well behind her master, though still trembling when she alighted at the stables at Breda.

Placide and Denis were on the watch at the stables.

"Run, Denis!" said his brother. And Denis was off to tell his mother that Toussaint and M. Bayou were safe home.

"Anything happened, Placide?" asked Bayou.

"Yes, sir. The people were sent for to Latour's, and most of them are gone. Not all, sir. Saxe would not go till he saw father; nor Cassius, nor Antoine, nor——"

"Is there any mischief done? Anybody hurt?"

"No, sir. They went off very quietly."

"Quietly, indeed! They take quietly



enough all the kindness I have shown them these thirty years. They quietly take the opportunity of leaving me alone to-night, of all nights, when the devils from hell are abroad, scattering their fire as they go."

"If you will enter, M. Bayou," said Toussaint, "my wife will get you supper; and the boys and I will collect the people that are left, and bring them up to the house. They have not touched your arms, sir. If you will have them ready for us——"

"Good, good! Papalier, we cannot do better. Come in. Toussaint, take home this young woman. Your girls will take care of her. Eh! what's the matter? Well, put her where you will, only let her be taken care of, that is all."

"I will speak to Jeannette, sir."

"Ay, do. Jeannette will let Therese come to no harm, Papalier. Come in, till Toussaint brings a report of how matters stand with us poor masters."

*(To be continued)*



### MR. M. HAMILTON HODGES.

SARAH A. ALLEN.

One marvel of the last two decades has been the wonderful development of the musical talent with which many Afro-Americans are happily endowed. The first colored musicians to gain world-wide fame were the Fisk Jubilee Singers. Their success was as remarkable as their mission was unique. In seven years of travel, which included England, Scotland, Ireland, Holland, Switzerland and Germany, they raised one hundred and fifty thousand dollars net in money, and secured books, paintings and apparatus to the value of seven or eight thousand dollars more, by the use of their marvellous, God-given voices.

From that period until the present time, the Negro has developed rapidly along musical lines, easily floating into the best society and accumulating a competency in foreign countries by his musical gifts.

Years and experience have shown the Negro, too, the value of study and cultivation of the voice, and so to enhance the marketable value of his talent he is gradually seizing all opportunities for

advancement, and as a result we have Samuel Coleridge-Taylor among the foremost composers of modern times. Singing the role of Hiawatha in Coleridge-Taylor's masterpiece, "Hiawatha," in far-away New Zealand, Mr. Hamilton Hodges, a colored artist, has covered himself with laurels and gained undying fame as an artist possessed of a remarkable organ, highly trained.

Moses Hamilton Hodges is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hodges of Boston, well known and highly respected by the best people, white and black, of the city.

Mr. Samuel Hodges is a man of means, and well known in church circles. For many years he was one of the trustees of Charles St. A. M. E. church, of Boston. Mrs. Margaret Hodges is also prominent in social affairs and very popular in the church.

Hamilton Hodges was reared in the atmosphere of a refined home, and when his parents realized that their son was possessed of uncommon musical ability, they spared no expense to develop his remarkable vocal organ. From one de-

gree of success, Mr. Hodges has passed to another, until we find him now located in Auckland, New Zealand, where his career as a vocalist and teacher is phenomenal. The "Musical Times" of London, Jan. 1, 1904, says of this remarkable colored singer:—

"The Third New Zealand Musical Festival, held in the capital of the colony, was brought to a most successful issue during the last week of October. The primary object of its promoters was to commemorate fittingly the twenty-fifth anniversary of Mr. Robert Parker's local musical work as organist and choir-master of St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral. A well-balanced and efficient chorus of two hundred and seventy-five voices was enrolled, and the Orchestral Society furnished a band of about sixty performers.

"The Festival opened with 'Elijah,' and closed with the 'Messiah.' Mr. Hamilton Hodges, now of Auckland, but formerly of Boston, U. S. A., took the part of the 'Prophet.' In Mr. Hodges the Festival Committee was singularly fortunate in securing an ideal representative of the part, for, with the single exception of Mr. Santley, no one in New Zealand has come anywhere near the excellence of his rendering. . . .

"The concert on Monday, October 26, was eagerly anticipated, and the house was sold out several days before the performance, the attraction being Coleridge-Taylor's 'Hiawatha,' of which Parts I. and II. were given. The principals were Miss Amy Murphy of Dunedin, Mr. James Searle, and Mr. Hamilton-Hodges, who, like the composer of 'Hiawatha,' is a colored artist, and who sang the 'Farewell, Minnehaha,' in a manner which will long be remembered in Wellington.

"The Opera House was jammed to the doors every night. No doubt our

great success financially was due to the magnificent singing of Mr. Hamilton Hodges, a colored gentleman with Indian blood in his veins. He claims direct descent from Hiawatha on his mother's side. I feel sure Mr. Hodges would create a great sensation in London if he could be plumped down there."

From the "Evening Post," New Zealand:

"Mr. Hamilton Hodges' interpretation of his part (Hiawatha) was simply perfect. He captivated his audience, and carried his hearers with him into the scene, and gave such a rendering of the farewell song of Hiawatha as will not soon be forgotten. The power, fervor and pathos of his singing are beyond all praise—indeed, words would fail one in the attempt."

"The miscellaneous concert at the Opera House on Saturday night was one of the most brilliant given in Wellington. Undoubtedly its greatest feature was the refined and artistic singing of Mr. Hamilton Hodges in the cycle of four 'Freebooter Songs,' written and composed by William Wallace. There was a stirring scene when Mr. Hodges concluded. He was twice recalled, and even then the cheering continued. The exquisite 'Cradle Song,' 'O Son of Mine,' was a revelation of the use of the mezzo voce, whilst in the last song the force and impetuosity of his call to battle roused the audience to the utmost enthusiasm."

"Mr. Hodges, last night, after the performance, addressed the chorus and orchestra, and remarked that as one who had had opportunities of hearing choral societies in many lands, he could say that what he had heard during this Festival was equal to anything of the kind he had heard anywhere."



MRS. M. HAMILTON HODGES.  
(NEE MISS JENNIE ROBINSON.)



Photograph by John C. Freund.

THE MOUNTAINS NEAR PORT ANTONIO, JAMAICA.



Photograph by John C. Freund.

THE MOUNTAINS NEAR PORT ANTONIO, JAMAICA.



## ❖ ——— A TRIP TO PARADISE. ——— ❖

BEING THE EXPERIENCES OF A NEW YORKER IN THE ISLAND OF JAMAICA

❖ ———  
By JOHN C. FREUND.  
❖ ———

## THIRD LETTER.

Port Antonio,  
Island of Jamaica, West Indies,  
Wednesday, April 15, 1903.

THE more I see of this beautiful island and the courteous and kindly colored people, the more I become satisfied that there is a rational solution of the so-called colored problem in the States, and that this solution can be brought about without in any way offending the sentiments of the Southerners, or for one moment conceding equality to the ignorant Negro, or insisting that any man shall have, by reason of his color, anything more than he should be entitled to because he is a man, in the right and true sense of the word.

The importance of the subject must commend itself to intelligent people, especially when we remember that over ten per cent. of the population of the United States is colored, though of course the larger part of this population is to be found in the Southern States. The race question has always been a burning one, and even if some of the old rancor has passed away, it will be a prominent issue in the next Presidential campaign. Everything which can promote the general welfare, everything which tends to remove prejudice, to broaden the minds and elevate the taste and culture of the people has a distinct business value, for it must be apparent that a reasonable solution of the race problem in the South would at once improve general

business conditions there, and thus would make the South a better market for all products.

This Island of Jamaica, in many of its conditions, such as climate, soil and opportunity for agricultural and business development, is typical of the entire West Indies, from Cuba and the Bahamas to the Island of Trinidad, off the coast of Venezuela. What American enterprise and capital can accomplish is being shown in the northern part of the



A JAMAICAN NEGRESS.

Photograph by J. W. Cleary.

island by the United Fruit Co. of Boston, which has developed into a gigantic concern with over twenty millions of capital and a magnificent fleet of some fifty iron steamships which ply between the ports of the island and New Orleans, Baltimore, Philadelphia and Boston.

What it means when you can get eighty millions or more of people to do anything, you can realize when you have been here but a short time and see the wonderful business that is done in bananas. Years ago, as you know, bananas were seen in a few fruit stores in our leading American cities and on the trucks of the push-cart men. Today, Americans have taken to them as a national food. This means that you will find them even in the little groceries and

candy stores in the way-back town in the States, and this means such a tremendous industry that you are overwhelmed when you see the amount of fruit that comes to market and goes off on the steamers, which do not care to take any other freight except other fruits, including cocoanuts. These steamers rush from the various ports in the States, with often nothing but water for ballast, down to the various ports in Jamaica and the other islands, get a cargo of bananas and fruit with almost lightning-like rapidity, and rush right back again, so that it often happens that, if a steamer is somewhat delayed by a storm or head winds, the captain, the crew, and the stewards only get a few hours ashore before they have



A BANANA PLANTATION.

to put off to sea to make the trip back to the States all over again.

I find that many of the Negroes, and especially the mulattos, are of superior intelligence. A number have had more than an ordinary school education, and a notable percentage has been to colleges and universities, either on the island or in the States, while a few have been to Europe, and can speak more than one language.

Between the blacks and the whites, as I wrote you before, there appears to be a most amiable and amicable understanding. If there be any feeling at all, it is on the part of the mulattos, who consider themselves above the Negroes, but have not reached the point where the whites will affiliate with them on

terms of absolute social equality. One of the most intelligent men that I have met here is Simon Smith, a man of color, though not a full-blooded Negro, who has a general dry-goods, boot and shoe store on the main street of Port Antonio. To him I went when I was told that I could get a suit of white duck measured, cut and made within twenty-four hours. Mr. Smith, who received me most kindly, dropped all his business when he found I was a stranger and an American, sent at once across the street for the tailor, and next morning at seven o'clock the suit was delivered, and has given me excellent satisfaction since. Everybody wears these white duck suits, which are very becoming and are easily washed, so that, with three or



Photograph by J. W. C. Brennan.

BANANA CARRIERS.

four of them on hand, you scarcely need any other clothes, as the weather is very steady, except in the rainy season, which, I believe, comes on in May for a month, and again in November for a month or so.

As a rule the temperature does not vary from an average of eighty-four degrees, and while the sun, of course, is very hot in the middle of the day, and especially towards sundown, when the day breeze fades away, and before the night breeze sets in, the weather is always tolerable, for the reason that it is a dry heat. You have not that moist, sticky, oppressive feeling which is so common in the summer, especially in our Middle and Eastern States.

Mr. Smith and I got to talking about Jamaica and its prospects. He ex-

pressed his conviction that what Jamaica wanted was to still further exploit its vast agricultural resources and increase its exports. I told Mr. Smith that I agreed with him, but that while, of course, the more that was produced, the more money would be made, still if the increased production were made by means of an exceedingly low wage rate, the persons really benefitted would be a few planters and the capitalists in the large corporations on the island, most of whom were non-residents.

"For," said I, "it is not what a country produces that necessarily makes it rich, but what it consumes. The United States is so rich because, owing to the superior consuming power of the masses of the people, it is its own best market for its own products. You may be



WHERE THE COOLIES LIVE.

Photograph by John C. Freund.





A GROUP OF COOLIES FROM THE EAST INDIES.

shipping millions of goods to other countries, but the people that produce these goods, if the wage rate be so low that body and soul can barely be kept together, will not share in the prosperity."

"What are you going to do about it?" said Mr. Smith, using the question which the immoral Mr. Tweed made immortal.

"Well," said I, "it would seem to me that if the workers here are still getting a low rate of pay, there is only one thing to be done, that is, for them to get together, and without going to any needless excess, force up the wage rate by combination, from which their employers and all you storekeepers would in the end benefit, for the people, having more to spend, and spending what they had in this island of Jamaica, every

storekeeper would profit, and even the planters themselves, instead of being forced, as they are, to depend almost entirely upon the foreign market, would be enabled to sell a considerable proportion of their product right here at home."

"That may be very well," said Mr. Smith, "but I do not see how that could be accomplished, that is, how the colored people could get together and raise the wage rate. As you know, we have the coolies. These coolies, or laborers, male and female, have been brought from the East Indies by the British Government, under contract to the planters, and as the coolie can exist on much less than the Negro or the colored man, and is willing to work for far less, colored labor has already a compe-

tition which is serious. It would seem to me that this must prevent any effort being successful on the part of the colored man to improve his condition by endeavoring to secure a higher rate of wages for his work."

To this question of coolie labor I will return again. Meanwhile, I send you a photograph of the miserable wooden shanties in which the coolies herd together, which are indescribably dirty and offensive. Still I must admit that many of the coolies are dignified, kindly, always courteous. Some have handsome features and much grace of form.

The pretty cottages and huts in which the Negroes live are a tremendous argument that culture is, after all, based on material prosperity, and that poverty is the mother of dirt, as she is also generally the cause of degradation.

I also send you a picture of some coolies, many of whom can live for a month on less than would sustain a white man for a day. A little rice, a little milk, a little fruit and occasionally a fish from the water is all they need. As for clothes, most of them have none and wear none.

One peculiarity of the business section of Port Antonio is the extraordinary mixture of nationalities on the two principal business streets, as shown by the signs. English names, German names, Spanish names, Irish names! Such a mixture of names as I have never seen before!

It is curious that over every drug store is a large sign: "Licensed to sell drugs and poisons." This does not mean that there is any notable desire on the part of the people to kill one another off but it does mean that expressions are used here entirely different from those we are accustomed to in the States.

Although the prevailing language of

the place is, as I said, English, still it is an English which you will have to study, owing to the various peculiarities of dialect, as I wrote you in my last letter. The colored people here never use the possessive pronoun. They only use the personal pronoun. It is not "your money," but "you money." A man would never say: "Can I clean your clothes, sir?" but would say: "Can I clean you clothes, sir?"

I have been here now about three days and the only sign of even an approach to what might be called disorder was caused by a number of sailors from the English and American cruisers in port who had obtained shore leave, who were crowding the bar-rooms and endeavoring to do their utmost, six or seven at a time, to attract the attention and win the affections of the pretty mulatto women who served out the drinks.

I had a moonlight drive last night along the shore through the groves. It was so beautiful I seemed to be in a dream. We started just before the full moon rose, and you must see the moon in the tropics to realize how glorious she is. Our driver took us along at an easy gait so that we were able to enjoy the scene at our leisure. Every now and then, as the road turned, we caught sight of the sea where the ripples glistened like burnished silver. The dark shades of the foliage on the road, here and there, lighted up by a flash of light from the moon or a light burning from some humble cabin, gave a solemn, wierd charm to it all. There was nothing to disturb—not even insects—for, curiously enough, whether from the ravages of storms, or because this is not the right season, we have seen no flies, but few butterflies and no mosquitoes, unless one bite be counted, over which there is disagreement of

opinion between myself and my wife, I insisting that the bite was caused by what is sometimes called a "Norfolk Howard," which you find frequently in the beds of boarding houses, while my wife insisted, on the other hand, that it was a mosquito, pure and simple.

Whenever our driver passes another carriage, or anybody on the road, he shouts:

"Gee-rup! Kape you seat." To which the party, whether on the road-side or in the other carriage, promptly replies:

"Take you seat."

As these admonitions are accepted by shouts of laughter, there must be some humorous allusion concealed in them. To me, part of the humor was the undeniable brogue in the words: "Kape you seat." I presume this method of shouting at one another, and the invitation: "Kape you seat," and the response "Take you seat," arose from the narrowness of the mountain roads and their winding character, so that one driver would shout to the other to be steady and keep his seat, so that he could get by him, while the other would shout back to the first one to take his seat, that is, to keep on his course.

This morning we had another lovely drive, and got into the back country a bit, and had a chance of seeing some of the interior villages, and so had a full view of the mountain range which forms the backbone of the island. I was so fortunate as to get a couple of good pictures, which I send you, so that you may see what a paradise this place is, so far as scenery and climate are concerned. Along the road, nobody will pass you except with a courteous salutation. It is always "Good morning," "Good day," "Hope you are well," with a pleasant smile as you go by.

I find these colored people always

amiable, considerate, kindly, polite, and there is in their salutation absolutely nothing of servility. It is the pleasant, amiable greeting of an independent people. No doubt the mountain air, the free life, their simple wants, their general good health, have had much to do with developing their character, and perhaps, also, something may be said for the fairness and the apparent freedom from prejudice with which the government of this island is conducted.

The season is just about over, and in a couple of weeks more, when the last of the tourists have been gathered in from the mountain and seashore resorts and have left, Jamaica will settle down to the enjoyment of its own life, undisturbed by the curiosity of the foreigner, as well as uncorrupted by his gold.

Last night I didn't sleep, owing to a young American by the name of "Bobbie," who hollered "Murder!" in the opposite room, because he was awak-



THE CHOCOLATE TREE.



ened by his nurse at an unusual hour to take the steamer for home.

But I forgot the strong-lunged "Bobbie" and my sleepless night in a drive to a cocoa plantation this morning after breakfast, where we had explained to us how the cocoa bean is grown, how it is dried, packed, where it is shipped, and how, finally, it is made into chocolate. The planter, a West Indian of mixed French and English origin, entertained us most kindly, and gave my wife a large number of the beans to carry home. I send you photographs of the beans as they grow on the tree in their pods or shells, and also a photograph of the women hulling the pods, that is, taking the beans out, which are dried before they are packed.

When we got back to the hotel we found the young man who had been a

passenger on the steamer, and who had endeavored to console himself for the miseries of seasickness by playing rag-time music by ear, in a state of terrible excitement.

He had been crazy to get a machete, one of the long sword-knives that all the people here carry, and which is used for everything from cutting down bananas or sugar cane to picking your teeth, and so had been up before day-break to drive out to a colony of maroons, some ten miles away, where he had been told he could get a very fine knife. He had bargained, it seems, with the driver of the carriage to take him there and back for about fifteen shillings, or about four dollars of our money. When he got there, he had, after an hour's palaver, closed a bargain for an old, somewhat rusty machete for which



PULPING THE CHOCOLATE BERRIES.





A PLANTER'S HOME.

Photograph by J. W. Cleary.

he paid ten shillings, or two dollars and a half.

His excitement was due to the fact that when he got back, Mr. Baker, Superintendent of the Boston Post Office, who was among our party, and of whom I have already written you, told him that he could have gotten a better machete right in town for one and sixpence, which is about thirty-five cents, and that all machetes are made in New England.

This having been bitterly resented by the ragtime music young man, as we called him, the machete itself was appealed to for testimony, when lo and behold! after some of the rust had been scraped off, there it was, stamped on the blade: "Brown, Jones & Co., Providence, R. I."

Let me say that most of the hardware you find here and such labor-saving machines as are used in the island, come from the United States. The Jamaican planter, of whom I wrote you, and who

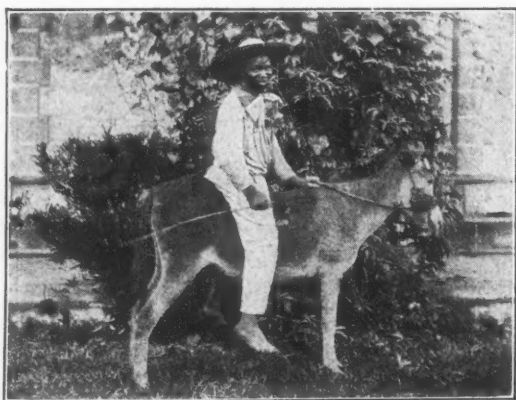
was one of our fellow passengers, was returning from a trip to New York and Boston, where he had gone for the special purpose of getting some new machinery for drying and preparing the cocoa bean.

This afternoon I had a glorious swim in the sea. The temperature of the water, I should say, was about seventy. You bathe right in the harbor, though to get to the bathing place, you have to take a little boat at the landing at the foot of the hill, on which the hotel is perched. A colored boy then rows you across to a lovely bay behind the island, where the water is not deep, and women may venture at ease.

We found a lively party at the bathing place, as a number of officers from the men-of-war were taking a dip, and several ladies, tourists and residents, were with them.

There was the usual animated discussions as to whether there were any

sharks in the neighborhood, and the usual decided disagreement on the subject. One man insisted that no shark had ever been known to have killed any-



"GOOD MORNING, SIR!"

Photograph by J. W. C. Brennan.

body or hurt anybody, while another party insisted that certain mysterious disappearances which had taken place from time to time were surely due to sharks, to which the other party retorted that there were land sharks as well as sea sharks. However, we managed to get through our bath undisturbed, and were exhilarated by the laughter and good humor of all as much as by the delicious warmth of the water.

Perhaps you notice that I often, in my letters, refer to the good humor that prevails here, that I often speak of "laughter." Indeed, I have not seen so many happy people in a long time, and yet most of the Negroes and colored people are very, very poor, and families are

raised on an annual income which many a Wall Street broker spends for a lunch. I presume the people are happy because they are contented, because civilization has not yet ground them down to that point where the comfort and ease of the few are offset by the wretchedness and misery of the many.

We shall leave Port Antonio to-morrow morning, right after breakfast, for Kingston, which is the capital, and on the other side of the island. We are not going by train, but have made a bargain with our good colored friend Gaynor, the driver, who has been carrying us round so far, to take us the entire trip of sixty miles along the seashore and over the mountains, which will give us a good chance to see the interior of the country, the plantations, several of the smaller towns and villages, and also give us an opportunity to visit the beautiful gardens at Castletown which the Government maintains, and where you can see all known forms of tropical vegetation, fruit trees, and the greatest collection of palms to be found anywhere in the world.

Gaynor, with a grin, which displayed his wonderful white teeth, has guaranteed us against robbers, lions and tigers, but as one of our friends here says, it would be more than he could do to guarantee us against some of the hotels where we shall have to stop, for it will take us fully two days to reach Kingston by road.

If I am alive, you may expect to hear from me next from Kingston.

## MRS. JANE E. SHARP'S SCHOOL FOR AFRICAN GIRLS.



J. SHIRLEY SHADRACH.

**W**ITHIN the past twenty years public attention has been drawn to the wonderful resources of Africa. Now that the New World has been partially drained of its wealth, and has become thickly populated, civilization seeks an outlet in worlds yet unconquered, and so the great mineral wealth, the wonderful natural resources of Africa's desert lands, the haunts of savage tribes, are calling to the pioneers of every land to come and feast upon Africa's virgin charms.

The native African may view with sorrow the devastation of his country, but for the general good, a few must suffer. Africa must be restored, and as a race and country renew its ancient prestige. But how?

We find the prophecy in Psalms: "Princes shall come out of Egypt; Ethiopia shall soon stretch forth her hands unto God."

From the day of Africa's decline, the tide of progress has swept westward from Meroe to Egypt, to Greece, to Rome, to Briton, to the undiscovered lands of the Western World. Still sweeping onward, civilization having now circumnavigated the globe, is returning to its ancient haunts, bearing on its waves hope for the restoration of an ancient race. The refining of Africa must be through blood and tears.

In helping along this restoration and upbuilding, Mrs. Jane Sharp is doing a grand work.

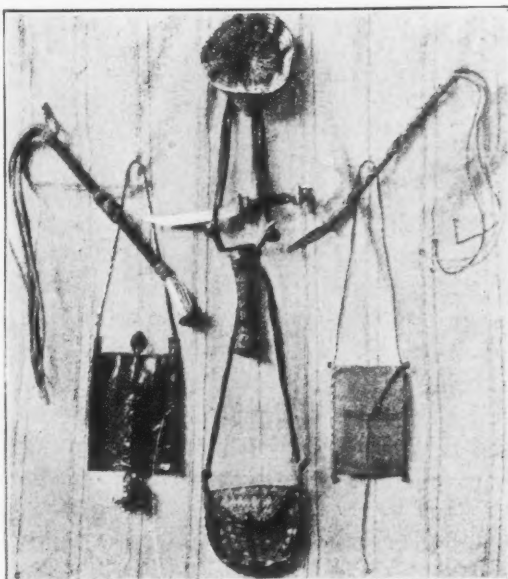
Mrs. Jane E. D. Sharp, a graduate of the Boston Girls' High School (class of

'73), is making a tour of the United States, seeking financial aid for her girls' school at Mt. Coffee, West Africa.

Mrs. Sharp was born in Missouri, but educated in Boston. After graduation, actuated by a desire to do something for her own race, she accepted a position under the Boston Board of Donation for Education in Liberia, and began teaching in Monrovia.

Liberia, as we very well know, has been, from its start, an effort of humanity on behalf of the black race. The government was founded in 1822 by American philanthropists for the freedmen of the United States, who wished to return to their native land. In 1847, it became an independent. The Liberians are bright, intelligent, and very proud.

Many of Mrs. Sharp's pupils, among



AFRICAN CURIOS.

them the president's daughters, are now wives and mothers of the leading families of Liberia.

Her marriage with Mr. Jesse Sharp, a wealthy coffee planter, said to possess some Negro blood in his veins, served to increase her interest in the aboriginal people of the Bush tribes. She finally felt that there was her best field of action, and she threw herself into the work among native children—females. After her husband's death she gave herself up entirely to the work.

Mrs. Sharp brought with her from Africa an infant princess, Djana Ruth Wattah, and the daughter of an African king.

Djana Ruth died on July 13, 1903, in the Woman's Hospital, Philadelphia. She was buried at Pleasantville, and a little marble slab now marks her resting place. The other child is now at Father Field's farm in Foxboro, Mass., having a beautiful time going to school. She is about eight years old.

Mrs. Sharp is brilliant in conversation and well-versed in the literature of all nations. Ideality in her is well developed, and adds a touch of romance to a personality at once queenly, yet touched with deep humility.

Mr. Sharp's plantation was on the St. Paul's river. Mrs. Sharp removed to Mount Coffee after his death.

Then she set about learning the customs, modes of thought, style of expression, religious observances and superstitions of that interesting tribe, the Golahs. So well did she succeed in reaching the heart of these people, as well as of the adjoining tribes, that she was perfectly safe in her work among them, even during the tribal wars of the last four years. The native African she found to be extremely hospitable, dividing his last spoonful of rice with the stranger, and really carrying out the

Gospel command about "entertaining strangers." In her home in the "bush," Mrs. Sharp hopes to establish a school for the industrial training of the girls of these tribes, where they can develop industrial skill, their possession of which is shown by the skill with which they now work with crude tools of their own fashioning. They do fine leather-work, weaving in designs with slender threads of the leather in colors, making ornamental pockets, sheaths for knives, and many other articles. They weave by hand the fine cotton growing in the country, making strong cloth, for the coloring of which they use dyes from the native plants. Palms and grasses are also woven into articles for use.

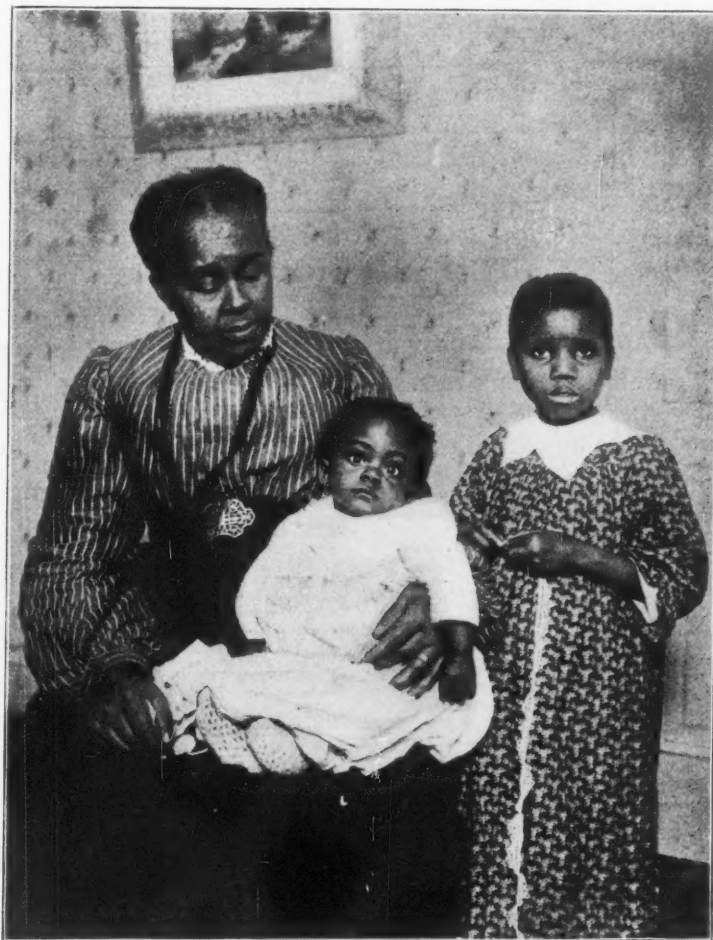
Although agriculture is in its infancy in Liberia, Mrs. Sharp feels that the native girls could be taught fruit culture and poultry raising, the preserving of pine-apples (which grow wild in great abundance), and of the mango plum. By these various means, the girls would be enabled to provide for themselves, and to have suitable clothing, lack of which, especially during chilly rains, is the cause of great mortality among women.

Mrs. Sharp now has a plantation of six hundred and fifty acres, but no suitable buildings. Her thirty little native girls had to be scattered, because she had no house fit for them; but they are to be again gathered up, and their training resumed upon their return. Much of her hope of what may be done by industrial training is based upon the respect the native African has for anyone who can do good work. An instance of this is seen in the standing among the people of a famous Golah blacksmith. He had great skill in working iron, even with his crude tools, and he became, in consequence, a great leader. To him the members of the tribe carried their



"palaver" (the settling of their disputes), and he became the great man of his tribe. When he died, he was buried on a much-frequented path—one of those picturesque little zig-zag paths found everywhere in Africa. A large lamp

Mrs. Sharpe encourages them to speak in their native tongue, believing that it weakens a people to take their own language from them. These little ones are much loved by their parents, the maternal instinct being very strong in the



MRS. SHARPE, THE INFANT PRINCESS DJANA RUTH WATTAN AND PRINCESS MARVEE.  
See Page 181.

was brought and placed on his grave, which, to his people meant: "Here is a great light that has gone out!" Every passer-by places a stone on his grave.

Liberian children are very precocious, and learn English rapidly. This they use in their study and work; but at play,

native African woman. Young girls are carefully protected in most tribes.

"I feel convinced that the women must have more attention paid to their training, before any material advancement will be made," said Mrs. Sharp, to the writer. "That Africa, so far, has not

produced anything that the world really needs, is not caused by lack of talents or skill, if rightly directed. I am trying to start a school where industries may be started, that will give some material support. There is nothing for the women to do, and to see them go through the rain with so little clothing, is pitiful. If industries can be started, the women will have clothing and food.

"I had a house full of little native girls, but I had to put them in Liberian families, because the house was quite unfit for occupation. We cooked in the shed outdoors, and washed outdoors. The house was leaking badly. The cracks were large enough for snakes to crawl through, where the planks drew apart. We lived in the most primitive way; but I was there with the natives long enough to realize that they possessed possibilities for higher development. You see that the women of many of the tribes have not come in contact with civilization. They are really highly moral. I do not believe that women are ever cannibals.

"I never knew what pride of descent was," continued Mrs. Sharp, "until I went to Africa. I think that one unfortunate phase of this question of the races is the fact that we do not know enough about our ancestors. Pride of descent has played an important part in the development of all the races. I have seen tribes in Africa that I am only sorry that I cannot claim my descent from, such as the Mandingoes, 'Ashantees, Zulus, and others. If the colored race in America only knew their African antecedents, instead of regarding themselves as being descended from savages or slaves, they would have more self-respect, and would be encouraged to higher effort. My work is altogether for girls."

Dr. Edward E. Hale describes Mrs.

Sharp's African work in the following words:

"The work of Mrs. Sharp in Africa has been providential. She went there at the nomination of the Liberia Education Society, to take charge of that department of the College in the city of Monrovia which trained the daughters of the settlers in their higher education. But as time has gone on, it has been evident that her duty is quite as much with the daughters of the chiefs of the neighboring tribes as with the daughters of emigrants from America. She is so favored as to be of the black race. That is sometimes thought a misfortune in the United States, but it is not so in Africa. There is many a province, and barony, and kingdom, and empire in Africa, where a white man would be killed as soon as he was seen, while a black man is welcomed and made at home. The romantic and extraordinary experience recently of Mr. Shepherd, in the very heart of Africa, is an interesting illustration of this.

... We must encourage her, on her return to what is now her own country, with the means of extending its civilization."

In order to enable Mrs. Sharp to make the best of these opportunities, to build the plain house she requires, to carry out and support the young assistants she wants, and to be able to look forward to some future for her work, an association has been formed, and "Jane Sharp Circles" started in connection with it. Members of these circles pay a dollar a year to the work, and do what else they can for it. They will receive reports from Mrs. Sharp herself, and from the Mount Coffee Association. The President of the Association is Dr. Edward E. Hale, and the Treasurer is Dr. George M. Adams, Auburndale, Mass.

## INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION—WILL IT SOLVE THE NEGRO PROBLEM.



ANSWERED EACH MONTH BY THE GREATEST THINKERS OF THE BLACK RACE

### IV.

PROF. KELLEY MILLER.

I AM asked for a fifteen hundred word contribution to the symposium on the question, "Will Industrial Education Solve the Race Problem?" My first impulse was to answer the question with a simple, emphatic negative, and yield the remaining fourteen hundred and ninety-nine words to a more eager disputant. But, fearing that a categorical "No!" might be misinterpreted, I have decided to use the allotted space in fuller explanation.

No mathematician ever attempts to solve a problem, until, through clear statement, he gets a tight grip upon all of its component factors. The race problem in America resolves itself into two distinct elements: (1) The initiative of a backward race in the secret and method of civilization, and (2) the harmonization of two widely divergent ethnic types. Human wisdom has not yet devised any sure panacea for either of the aspects of this problem. But when the two are rolled into one, we have before us a problem which is as intricate in its relations and as far-reaching in its consequences as any task that has ever taxed human faculties for solution. No single agency, whether political, religious, philanthropic, or educational, is adequate to the task. Indeed, the co-operation of all of these has not yet indicated any certain and satisfactory outcome. Education, in its broadest as-

pect, is but a single factor in the general equation; while industrial education is but a factor of a factor.

The subject of industrial education has given rise to an endless amount of showy talk and silly jargon. Men and women whose judgment would not be relied on for the solution of any other problem within the range of human interest, assume omniscience on the Negro question, and tell us precisely how it is all going to eventuate, with the assurance of infallibility. They would have us believe that the hammer and the saw is all that is necessary to civilize the savage, to right the wrongs of centuries, and to assuage the malignity of the human heart. Prophecy is the easiest and least exacting exercise of the mind. Men indulge in flattering and irresponsible prediction, and call it optimism. The over-zealous enthusiast for kindergartens, for normal training, for industrial schools, and for higher education, each assures us that his is the sole panacea; and, strange to say, in spite of demonstrated failure, we believe them all, so easily are we carried away by pleasing prophecy. If one becomes critical and asks the off-hand solver of human problems for the historical or logical basis of his prediction, if he demands the citation of a single race, nation, or class whose problems have yielded to his little nostrums, he is forthwith accused of pessimism and critical hysteria. Thus in

all ages the salvation of the prophet has depended upon the vagueness of his predictions and the remoteness of the fulfillment.

Because industrial education is not in itself all-sufficient, it must by no means be discredited in its proper place and bearing upon the general welfare of the Negro race. We do not discredit the eye because it cannot hear, nor the ear because it cannot see. The well-being of the body depends upon the harmonious co-operation of all the senses and organs. While industrial education cannot solve the race problem, we cannot see how the problem can be solved without it. Industrial education is the most expensive form of training, and can be had only by the fortunate few. To bring the facilities of Hampton and Tuskegee within the reach of every Negro boy and girl, would probably require an expenditure equal to our national revenue. It would be cheaper to send each such boy and girl to college. Our national resources have been developed, and God knows the Negro has performed his part in that development, without the assistance of industrial schools. There were no such schools in New England when Yankee ingenuity built our railroads, established our great cities, founded our factories and exploited the resources of mine, and field, and forest. Opportunity is the only effective industrial school in the world. Wherever there is a demand for brick they will be forthcoming, even though they must be made without straw. In the industrial world, the demand regulates the supply. The Negro mechanic is a rapidly vanishing quantity from the industrial equation because there is a rapidly diminishing demand in the mechanical craft for workmen of that color. He has no place in the North, and is being rapidly elbowed out of the large cities of the South by the inexor-

able decree of Asyan competition. He still has a fragile hold only in the smaller places and villages. The production of school-made mechanics and skilled artisans, without corresponding opportunity is like equipping men with sharp-edged tools, but giving them nothing to cut. Let the Negro utilize his own industrial potentiality. He should take advantage of his own industrial necessities, so as to furnish opportunity for his own boys and girls. This is the one industrial question that bears most hardly upon us.

Manual training should be valued chiefly as a discipline. The Negro must learn in school what the white boy acquires in the shop and in the factory. The wasteful, shiftless, slovenly method of the ignorant workman must give way to skill, accuracy and neatness. The demands of civilization are growing more and more exacting. He who lags will be left behind. The white schools all over the land are including the manual training feature, so that not merely the intellect, but the whole man, may become educated. The Negro more than any, needs focusing power, the ability to concentrate intellect, sensibility, and volition and the requisite industry upon a given task.

It has become quite the fashion on the part of certain controversialists to contrast industrial and higher education as antithetic terms. We might as well contrast hearing and seeing, or tasting and smelling. They are but co-operating factors of a common product. Indeed, the education of the bulk of any race will neither be of the industrial or higher variety; but it will consist of the ordinary rudiments of knowledge, commonly indicated by the three R's. The ability to read and write is the minimum requirement of modern civilization. The man who can read and write holds the key



to all knowledge. The transition of a people from an illiterate to a literate state is like raising the temperature from below to above the freezing point. It thaws out the ignorance and superstition of ages, and starts up a newness of life. Dr. Harris has said that when a people learn to read and write they become eye-mind, instead of ear-minded as before. The stress of effort should be placed upon the rural schools of the South, so that every boy and girl may get a good command of the literary symbols of civilization. The present facilities are woefully insufficient. For the Negro child the school must furnish both the environment and the incentive. The census returns show fifty per cent. of Negro adults as being able to read and write; but their knowledge is rather potential than dynamic. We are not so much concerned with those who can read and write, but with those who do read and write, and who make use of their literary knowledge to improve their condition in the world. We have wasted so much strength over the controversy as to the rival claims of industrial and higher training that we have overlooked the common schools, the university of the masses. There is need of national aid for the public schools of the rural portions of the South.

Then the Negro must have higher education for the wise guidance and con-

trol of the masses. The three million Negro church communicants need many thousands of soundly educated ministers to lead them along the path of truth and righteousness. The three million Negro school children require thirty thousand enlightened teachers to discipline and train the mind. The Negro sick must be cared for by physicians skilled in the art of healing. The injured Negro should have his cause plead by a jurist learned in the weighty matters of the law. Indeed the political and civil rights of the whole race may yet hinge upon the presentation of their cause by Negro lawyers before the court of last resort. The newspapers and magazines which furnish information and inspiration to the masses must be manned by editors of sense and discernment. These are present, pressing needs, and cannot be deferred. The university, both historically and logically, precedes both the common and the industrial school, to which it furnishes inspiration and guidance.

I am not good at divination, and do not profess to know how the distressing complexities of the race problem are going to eventuate; but I do know that according to the universal estimate of mankind, education, in its best and broadest sense, is an essential prerequisite to the well-being of all the children of men.



## INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION—WILL IT SOLVE THE NEGRO PROBLEM.



V.

MISS NANNIE H. BURROUGHS.

**T**HE Negro Problem is a problem of color, and not of fitness. Industrial education is not a skin changer, and could not, therefore, solve a problem that is but skin deep. By industrial education I take it that you mean the development of that part of the mental and physical man that will respond to all or some special phase of manual labor. Industrial education will solve but one phase of the problem, and the Negro must have all phases of the problem solved in order to secure the key to the situation.

Before anyone can assume that industrial education alone will solve the Negro problem it must be proved first that the Negro's mind, feelings, tastes, habit, interest and enthusiasm naturally adapt him to this particular branch of learning. This being proved, systematic development and cultivation along industrial lines would make him the man intended by his Creator. But it has yet to be shown that the Negro is outside of the law of evolution, and needs a special law for his development. Since he is within the pale, and it has taken all kinds of education to solve the problem of other races within those confines, it will take the same kinds of education to make him a better man and a better citizen, the same man and the same citizen, equal to any, inferior to none.

Secondly, it must be shown that the Negro can do everything else well except manual labor, and with this happy adjunct his salvation along all lines will be complete. It must also be shown

that he cannot simultaneously attain two kinds of education. For if he can, the law of economics would suggest that he do so. The Negro is surely not the one-talent fellow of Bible fame, and the demand should not be made upon him to yield a one-talent result. God used the same constructive timber in making Ham that He used in making Shem and Japheth, and His "whosoever will" Gospel will reclaim the one as quickly and as surely as it will the other.

Those who outline a specific course of study and attempt to confine him to one field of labor, must remember that his capacity, his ability, his ambition is as varied as to quality and quantity as the capacity and the ability of each individual of any other race, and the educators of the Negro race must prepare to meet the demands of individual inclinations, feelings and tastes, as far as it is possible.

It has never been shown that the Negro's mental power must be cast in an industrial mould in order to fully respond to the biddings of his mind and the pleadings of his heart; nor have we evidence to show that the Negro makes a better citizen and a better man with an industrial education than with any other kind; nor has the Negro any evidence that an industrial education will secure for him an even brake in the race of life. Is the Negro to spend years fitting himself as a laborer of skill, and then be forced to work for unskilled prices or starve? Can any race be saved morally, spiritually, intellectually, and

industrially, by directing its energies along one line? Verily, verily, I say unto you, unless the Negro is saved, not in part but wholly, he cannot see the kingdom of earth nor reign therein. The very best thing, as I see it, is for him to do as he has been doing for the past thirty years—take his chances and follow the other race in every avocation from the bootblack to the college chair, from the coal cart to congress halls.

It takes as much and as many kinds of education to solve the Negro problem as it took and is now taking to solve the white man's problem. It takes as much education to make the Negro a man as to make the white man a man. To say that it takes less would be to say that the Negro by creation is superior. A well educated Negro is worth as much to any community as a well educated white man, and wherever he has been given a chance to prove his worth, his loyalty, or his manhood at home or abroad, he has never been found wanting. If the Negro can be made a good citizen by having one kind of education, a white man can also, and this enormous expenditure of government funds and gifts of philanthropists for all branches of learning is useless. In the educational world as elsewhere the Negro asks no special favor nor any specific remedy to cure his malady. He asks that the same laws protect him, the same facilities be offered him, and the same chances be given him as other men, and he will move up to the flag, and will not ask that the flag be brought back to him.

If industrial education will save the ignorant Negro, the same gospel will save the ignorant white man, and you have only to look around to see that one is as bad off as the other, and it is the salvation of all its citizens at which this republic must aim.

General education is as necessary for

the formation of character and correct notions of life as general exercise is essential to systematic physical growth. The reformation of any people is not abiding unless the mass of that people build upon the broad, general platform of individual preparation along general educational lines. Then, if there is in that mass those in whom the love of the classics extinguishes all other loves, they should have seats in the best colleges in the land, and to keep them from these colleges because the mass cannot go would be as criminal as to incase a prospective giant, and make a pygmy of him, or to dwarf one child because the other one cannot grow.

The Negro, as a mass, is neither fitted by creation nor can he be fitted by training, to ply at one profession or trade. There are thousands of Negroes who would make first-class professional men who couldn't farm, shoe horses, or invent a device as an improvement to the hay-mower if the race problem is never solved. There are hundreds of Negro women who would make first-class clerks, stenographers, book-keepers, musicians, and teachers, who couldn't maintain themselves by cooking, washing, ironing, sewing and working on a farm if the race problem were never solved.

A large per cent. of any race comes under the laboring class. There need be no special legislation, discussion nor training to put them there. Circumstances over which they have no control put them there, and necessity which knows no law keeps them there. The Negro is not an exception to this rule.

The Negro must write some books for himself. They must not all be upon one subject. The Negro must make some music for himself, and all must not sing along the same line.

The Negro must do some high think-

ing for himself, but all must not think the same lay.

Industrial education alone would never have produced our Bannaker, our Douglass, our Bruce, our Langstone, our Blyden, our Scarborough, our Fortune, our Roscoe Conkling Bruce, nor our Booker T. Washington. Had these bright lights, that have helped to illumine the hall of fame, marched by any other route than by the one they traveled, they would have perished in the middle-passage.

The progress of the Negro has been rapid and pleasing because all have not hoed corn and picked cotton. While some have been in the field, others have been at the desk. While some have been at the anvil, others have been in the college chair.

At what trade did Frederick Douglass work to become one of the greatest orators the world has ever heard? At what trade did Booker T. Washington work to build Tuskegee? What trade did Roscoe Conkling Bruce ply to march off with the honors of Harvard? At what trades have the thousands of teachers, preachers, doctors, and lawyers worked to open up the understandings, save the souls, and give ease to the enfeebled bodies of the thousands who have come unto them?

Have not these men and women, from Phillis Wheatly and Frederick Douglass to the last leader in any calling, been great factors in the solution of the race problem?

If the Negro had tried all other kinds of education and failed, I might say, try industrial education; but he has not been found wanting in any of the branches of knowledge nor incompetent in any calling, but to the admiration of his friends and to the humiliation and regret of his

enemies, he started in the School of Adversity and never stopped until he stood as Valedictorian of Harvard, and has yet to be heard to say, "My cup runneth over."

If the object of the American people is to make the Negro a better man and thus a better citizen, he must be dealt with as a man, and given a man's chance to choose for himself such callings as appeal to him individually.

Why talk about a Negro problem when he has not propounded a single question to the American people as to his ability to do or to be. He has never asked whether he could learn reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, geography, history, Latin, Greek, geometry, physics, music, painting, drawing, medicine, or law. He has never asked which would be the more conducive to his growth and happiness in this country, hoeing corn or studying a little science from a book. He has never asked if he may stay here, or take ship for another clime. He has never asked whether he is a man or a missing link. He read in his Bible that "out of one blood God hath made all nations for to dwell upon the face of the earth," and he said, "that means me, too." It has never been a question, therefore, with him as to where he came from, where he belongs, or where he is going, for he believed this Bible assertion, and felt that since he came from where other races came, must dwell where other races dwell, that with like course of action, he would go where other races go.

"You may talk about the Negro,

You may make his faults infinite,  
But you cannot turn a wheel,

That the Negro isn't in it."





## THE TAMING OF A MODERN SHREW.



RUTH D. TODD.

**T**HAT Edward Reynolds was the most daring young fellow in Lisbon was quite a settled fact. There was no mischief, no diabolical trick that could frighten him off. As a boy he was the terror of the town, for Liston was only a small town in southern Arkansas, where the major number of the inhabitants were Negroes.

Once, when he was quite a small lad, his companions had dared him to jump from the high town bridge into the stream below, and he had dared to do so with very fatal results.

That his neck hadn't been broken years before he arrived at manhood was no fault of his; however, he had come out of it all unscathed; a tall, perfectly built young man, as handsome as a god. His complexion was a reddish brown, his hair coarse, black, and as straight as an Indian's, and his eyes, which were the most striking feature about him, were large, fearless eyes, as black as night, and sparkling with mischief, but a greater amount of daring.

Still, he was even-tempered, although his voice had a firm and commanding ring. He was certainly the most popular young fellow about town, and any one of the girls would have been proud to call him her "young man." But this youth, although not vain or egotistical, would have none of them, that is, excepting a certain beautiful damsel named Jennie Leigh, who, it seemed, would have none of him.

Jennie was the acknowledged belle of Liston. Her complexion was a trifle

darker than Edward's, but she had soft, curly black hair, as fine and as glossy as silk, and large, bewitching, black eyes; in fact, many of the young men had been wont to declare that "Jennie Leigh's eyes always made a fellow feel deuced uncomfortable." She was fashionable, clever, witty, very charming, and possessed a temper that was, unlike Ed's, very uneven. In fact, when once aroused, she was a veritable shrew, though when things pleased her, there was not a young lady in Liston whose temper was so sweet or whose manner was gentler.

Edward was exceedingly fond of Jennie, in fact, had loved her when they were tots; and as a school girl, he had carried no other girl's books but Jennie's to and from the village school; and after both had graduated from the high school, the intimacy had never decreased. So it was quite evident that they would some day marry, despite the fact that they were forever "scrapping" with each other.

It was quite amusing to see them together, for Ed's temper was so even, and his vein of humor so tantalizing, that he always managed to arouse Jennie's ire. He had often asked her to marry him, a thing which any other young man would not dare to even think of, and Jennie had flatly refused Ed's every proposal.

But this fearless young man's courage never deserted him; his will was indomitable, and he inwardly avowed that Jennie Leigh should wed none save him. That he would win her or devote his whole life to the attempt, he was deter-

mined. One day when they were attending a certain afternoon garden party, Jennie had looked so lovely in a beautiful gown of some pale blue, soft material that Ed had blurted out in his abrupt fashion: "Oh, Jennie, won't you be mine?"

"Ed Reynolds, you are the silliest person I know. Every blessed time you see me, you ask me to 'marry you,' or 'be yours,' or something equally as stupid! You must think that I am going about looking for a husband, don't you?" she exclaimed impatiently.

"No, I did not think that, or I would have asked you nothing, because I'd have taken it for granted that I was your future spouse, and led you to the minister's years ago," answered Ed, gazing admiringly at her beautiful face and exquisite gown.

"Oh, you are just horrid, and sometimes I think I hate you," cried Jennie, angrily.

But Ed was so used to these angry outbursts of Jennie's that it would have seemed very unnatural if she had acted otherwise. They were seated on a little rustic seat quite out of "earshot," and Ed answered her, paying no attention whatever to her angry words:

"Gee, but that's a lovely dress you have on, Jennie. You look awfully sweet in it, Jen. I wish you belonged to me. Won't you tell me you will wed me, dear? Oh, please say yes, Jennie!" and he caught one of her soft little hands in his.

"Oh, Ed, don't be stupid; people are looking at us!" she cried, trying in vain to draw her hand away.

"Who cares?" answered he. "You know as well as they that I love you, Jen, have loved you all my life, and there isn't another girl that I'd even waste a thought on. I'm quite serious now, and if you send me away from you again,

I'll do something desperate, I swear I will!"

"What will you do—commit suicide?" she asked, glancing mischievously up at him, for he had arisen now and with a slight frown upon his handsome face, and both hands thrust into his trousers pockets, he stood looking down upon her.

"Certainly not! Do you think I'm some darned idiot!" he exclaimed, indignantly.

"Men who are violently in love always commit suicide when the lady of their choice persistently refuses them."

"Let them, they're quite welcome, I'm sure. If they haven't got sense enough to bear up, they ought to die! What I'm going to do is to live and marry you."

"Oh, you are, are you? I'd like to see you without my consent."

"Oh, you'll consent all right."

"You are a conceited prig!" she cried, scornfully. "I'll show you whether I'll consent or not by accepting James Wilson the next time he asks me to marry him."

"What, that puppet! Has he asked you to marry him?"

"Why, of course he has. You are not the only person worthy of existence as yet," she exclaimed, indignantly.

"Why, confound him, if he even dares look at you again, I'll punch his head!" cried Ed, vehemently.

"Why, Ed Reynolds, you wouldn't dare. I'd hate you forever if you did such an ungentlemanly thing."

"I'd dare do anything for you. Oh, Jennie, dear Jennie, please say that you will be my own, my very own."

"You are absolutely incorrigible, Ed; do give me some rest."

"I will, when you promise to marry me, dear. Please say yes. Honest, I—I worship you. I don't know how on earth I can give you up. But I swear

I'll leave town and never visit these parts again if you do not promise to marry me. I'm dead earnest this time. I know I've sworn to do all sorts of things time and again, but I'll—oh, Jennie, how can you be so cruel?"

"Cruel! Why I think I am extremely kind to you. There is not another person that I would allow to talk to me as you do, Ed Reynolds, but now I'll tell you what I will do."

"What will you do?"

"I'll marry you on one condition."

"Oh, name it! name it!" cried Ed, gladly.

"If you will write a novel or compose some poems worthy of notice, and have them published, I'll marry you—let's see—Easter."

"That's worse than cruel, Jennie. You know quite well that I'm not a literary chap, that I know nothing whatever of literature, and, er—you can't care anything for me if you ask me to do what you know is an impossibility."

"I never said I did care for you, did I?"

"But you do, don't you, Jen?"

"Do as I ask you to, and you will hear something that you have waited long to hear."

"Confound it, I'll try it, if I win or lose; I'd do anything to win you, dear Jennie."

And so it was announced that Jennie and Ed were to be married at Easter.

That was in September, and the last of March was drawing near before Ed was sure of winning his prize.

He knew that he would be very unsuccessful if he attempted such a serious thing as a novel, so he had tried his hand at poetry, but I'm afraid with very sad results. The following are specimens of his work:

"It was a nice bright day in May,  
The birds were warbling out their lay,  
When everybody on that day  
Would stare at my girl named May."

This terminated quite abruptly, as though the writer was disgusted with such rubbish.

Then another:

Pathos.

"My darling, I love you," the young man cried,

As he whispered these words to the maid at his side,

"If you will only say that you love me true,

I'll worship, adore you, my only dear Sue."

In fact this daring young man wasted a small fortune in stationery, with the most disgusting results, when it suddenly occurred to him to try his hand at nonsense poems, or stories in modern slang. So he wrote this:

To Jennie.

There was once a young chap called Bennie,

Who loved a sweet maiden named Jennie,

Implored the lad, "Don't refuse me."

Cried the maid, "You confuse me,  
For I don't know my mind, if I've any."

Said she, "I can't quite discover,  
Why you are such a persistent young lover,

If you love me, dear Ben,

Win fame with the pen,

And I'll wed you instead of another."

"No, no!" cried the lad with a shiver,  
That shook him and stirred up his liver,

"A pen I detest,

Ask me anything else,

For I'd rather jump into the river."

Then the maid oped her eyes wide in surprise,  
"For a lover," said she, "you're unwise,  
If you refuse my plan  
You're a nutty young man,  
And for a dunce you'd take the first prize."

The lad thought the maiden was joking,  
But instead with anger she was choking,  
"To the river," she said,  
"For you've such a thick head,  
That I'm sure it needs a good soaking."

Then the lad left the maiden quite sadly,  
Said he, "I want you so badly,  
That I'll try at the pen,  
If I'm successful, why then,  
Will you have me?" cried the maiden,  
"Oh, gladly!"

This lad's brain was as thick as fog,  
It was even as thick as a log,  
For he thought that dear Jen,  
When she mentioned the pen,  
Could mean nothing excepting the hog.

So this bug-housed young man named Ben  
Built him an enormous big pen,  
And then he spent  
Every blessed red cent  
Invested in hogs, he told Jen.

Then Jennie thought sure he was broke,  
And she thought this a freak of a joke.  
"He's quite crazy," she said,  
"He's off of his head,"  
And she laughed till she thought she  
would choke.

But Ben made a big pile of money,  
And Jen said, "It's just too funny,  
But wed you I must,  
Or with laughter I'll bust."  
And she kissed him, and called him her  
honey.

Then Ed wrote a story in modern slang, as follows:

### To Jennie.

Once upon a time there was a girl whose first name was Jennie. She was the swellest girl among the whole bunch with which she traveled. And there wasn't a chap in the whole neighborhood who wasn't dead gone on her. She wore such towering pompadours and such swell dresses she called gowns, and looked so much like a gorgeous queen that all the other girls turned green with envy, and the annoying disease called jealousy. And you can bet your life that this dusky damsel of the dreamy eyes was the only pebble on the beach. And as far as hot air was concerned, she could give more of that in ten minutes than any other girl could in fourteen hundred and ninety-eight hours. And she was quicker than lightning at spitting fire when a guy rubbed her the wrong way. She had no favorite guy that she doted on unless it was a swell-looking guy who lived near her, and who so persistently dogged this baby's cute little footsteps that she was forced to chew the taffy he gave her. This guy wore big-legged trousers and thought he looked wise and smart in rimless eye-glasses, which he donned after the maiden bade him do some intellectual stunts ere she would wed him.

It was a settled fact that this guy would win, so the other chaps all gave him a wide berth, but he failed to do these intellectual stunts, and was about to give the whole business up as a bad job, when it rushed through his noggin that all girls liked loads of presents and a plenty of dough, and when these were rushed in upon her she told him 'twas up to him to get the license, and she'd make the angel food with which to



cholerize all of the guests, and the thing was completed in a swell church around the corner. Moral—Dough and a plenty of it is always the winning card.

He had no trouble to get Edson, the one and only colored editor in Liston, to promise to publish a nonsense poem or story in modern slang each week in his paper, and Ed hastened to the residence of his lady-love to tell her of his success.

"Oh, Ed, I think they are horrid!" cried Jennie, after she had read both poem and story.

"They are horrid, all right, but that's the only sort of literature now-a-days that makes a hit," answered Ed.

"I hope you are not going to have them published?" she asked anxiously.

"Of course I am. Do you suppose I'd give it up after seven long—almost intolerably long—months?"

"But surely you don't call this poetry or anything decent to read, even?"

"Sure—sure it is! It will make a hit all right."

"But why did you dedicate such horrid stuff to me? Oh, I think you are awful—just awful, and I hate you, Ed Reynolds!"

"You'll have to marry me, though," replied Ed, smiling triumphantly.

"I wouldn't marry you if there wasn't another man left," cried she, vehemently.

"You'll have to now. There's your promise that you'd wed me if I became successful, and I've leased a nonsense column in Edson's paper every week as long as I like to deal in literature," said Ed, quite complacently.

"Literature nothing. Why you know you wouldn't dare have such rubbish published, not if you cared anything for me."

"That's just why I'm going to have it published, because I think so much of

you, I want the whole world to know. I shall sign my own name, Edward Benjamin Reynolds, in capital letters instead of a non-de-plume."

"Oh, you can't be serious, Ed."

"Never was more serious before in my life."

"Oh, Ed, please don't have it published, for my sake! The girls will all make the greatest joke of me. Oh, Ed, please don't!" she pleaded.

But Edward knew that he held the winning card in his hand and he thought that now was the best time to get Jennie's consent to wed him in two weeks' time, so he firmly avowed that he'd have them published—that, in fact, Edson already had a type-written copy of them in his possession.

Then Jennie—the untamable, high-spirited Jennie Leigh—became quite meek and gentle, telling Ed that she would wed him on the morrow or whenever he wished if he would only promise her that he would not publish that awful stuff.

"But I won't marry you if you hate me, Jen," said Ed.

"You know that I love you, Ed, have always loved you, and could never live without you, dear, and if you loved me you would tear that paper up and throw it in the grate."

"Do you really love me, Jennie? Oh, Jennie, if I thought you cared enough to marry me Easter, I'd be the happiest man in Liston."

"And you wouldn't have them published?"

"Certainly not, darling."

"Then I am yours!" she cried, and Ed drew her to him, etc. etc.

On Easter morn, 'neath an arch of lilies, and surrounded by huge exotic plants in "St. James' Mission," Edward B. Reynolds and Jennie Leigh were happily wedded.

\* \* \* \*

## A LOST PEARL.

\* \* \* \*

JAMES D. CARROTHERS.

I.

Alone, unnoticed, in a lonely spot,  
A pearl, long hidden in the grasses  
lay;  
I found it, as I wandered where it lay  
forgot,  
And grieved to see so rare a gem  
astray.

II.

Some reckless hand had lost it, or, per-  
chance,  
Knew not its worth, and, careless,  
flung it there.  
Ah! 'twould have sparkled as the waves  
that dance,  
Bound in some gentle maiden's lovely  
hair.

III.

I picked it up, and watched it, as it shone  
And sparkled like a sunbeam in my  
hand,  
Wooing the sweet sunlight, for long and  
lone  
The gem had lain forsaken in that  
land.

IV.

The East had blushed and purpled many  
a day;  
The lark ascended on his morning  
song;  
The rose had bloomed and breathed her  
life away  
Full often, and the wind sighed low  
and long;

V.

Yet there in weeds and tangled grass it  
lay,  
And looked up meekly from the sor-  
did sod,  
Like some poor mortal who had lost his  
way,  
And wandered from the tender care  
of God.

VI.

O friend, thou hast a pearl; it is thy  
mind.  
Then keep it holy as an angel's face;  
Set the fair gem in God's love, pure and  
kind,  
That it may shed its beauty on thy  
race.

## IV. CALL THE BLACK MAN TO CONFERENCE.

A. KIRKLAND SOGA.

*Late of the Civil Service, Native Department, South Africa.*

EDITOR

T. THOMAS

FORTUNE.

It was the "South African Spectator" that remarked that "There is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

And so it appears by a happy coincidence that we are able to quote the views of the able editor of the "New York Age," in support of the principle, a great principle indeed, of a protected franchise.

Among recognized leaders standing in the forefront of the public platforms of the United States, one of the most notable figures in the Afro-American world of the present day is Timothy Thomas Fortune. Our acquaintance with him is limited to a more or less careful study of the paper he edits, from which we have gleaned some idea of what manner of man he is. This is enough, taken together with a certain amount of presumption on our part, which is excusable in criticising public men, to convince us that among race leaders Mr. Fortune occupies a distinguished place. As a literary man, journalist and author, as well as a statesman and politician, he is a tried veteran of many a hard-fought campaign in the public battles of his country. This has left its impression in a certain amount of austerity in his writings, which denote a stern and unyielding character, rather a virtue than otherwise in an age of feeble and degenerate public men. A Republican by heredity and tradition, he is an uncompromising opponent of the false and spurious de-

mocracy of the school of Tilman, Croker and others, but he has the friendship of President Roosevelt, by whom he was only recently specially honored with an important ambassadorial mission to the Phillippine Islands, that latest acquisition in the scheme of Imperial expansion, which is so hotly opposed by many staunch and sterling Democrats. Better still, he commands the respect and confidence of his kinsmen, who esteem him for his worth, and honor him for his unswerving devotion to those objects most dear to the hearts, consciences, and aspirations of the race. Keen in debate, fearless in his advocacy of the eternal principles of justice and morality in their application to the public life of the nation, he wields a forceful pen with skill and nervous incisiveness. His talents are devoted to the highest causes, those of suffering humanity, and especially those questions most closely affecting the relations of black and white. In a country where straight talking is a most conspicuous feature, and unsparing criticism goes hand in hand with great fluency of speech and the use of figurative language which is both unique and racy of the soil; in a land of brilliant intellects, of highly educated and cultured men and women, and a Press which is admittedly too often as ruthless as merciless in its onslaughts on its enemies, Mr. Fortune can be trusted to hold his own, and to give a Roland for an Oliver with the best of his opponents. He has a readiness of debate which is natu-

ral in a country where "hustle" is the order, and men must move along "quick and lively," added to a luminous, clear cut, penetrating style in his writings, which leaves no doubt about his meaning. At times his language speaks daggers, and in denouncing such incidents as the Boston episode, is suggestive of something still more forceful at the editor's elbow which might be peculiarly disconcerting to his enemies. A relic of the Wild West, perhaps. It is a little way they have in Amurriky. We don't say so, but somehow we are reminded of Mr. Chamberlain's story which has no connection, however, of a western bar-room, where the sign-board reads: "Do not shoot at the musician; he is doing his best." They say the President's coat tails blew open the other day, and revealed a pocket blunderbuss. At any rate, there is no lack of fire in Mr. Fortune's utterances, however docile he may be otherwise.

"Among the numerous editors of the present day," says Cyrus Field Adams, "the name of T. Thomas Fortune stands pre-eminent. Although born a slave, Mr. Fortune is, at the age of forty-five, the best-known and most widely quoted editorial writer of the Afro-American race. This notice of his writings is not confined to the race papers, for the great dailies of the country recognize the 'New York Age' as the mouth-piece of the advanced thought of the Afro-American people."

And a great deal more in the same strain does Mr. Adams relate about him in "The Colored American Magazine," but this short introduction must suffice to get back to the franchise. It is doubtless for some of the reasons mentioned before, and other causes as they exist especially in the Southern States, that the editor of the "New York Age" con-

tends that the franchise is too important a right to be left to the whims of States or other local governing bodies. He holds that the ballot should be controlled entirely by the Federal Government, on behalf of all the people alike, and as a national principle which will brook no alteration at the hands of factionists or sacriligious partisans. A brief extract from a trenchant article on this subject in "New York Age" (July 2, 1903), says:

"Mr. Washington believes that restriction of the suffrage by educational or property tests is necessary, but that such restrictions should bear upon all citizens alike. He has always held this view. We have never held it.

"Our view of the matter is that the suffrage question is the basic principle of national citizenship; that it should, therefore, be controlled absolutely by the Federal Government, in a fundamental act mandatory upon all the States, and from which no State could deviate in the uniform and absolute equality of its conditions; that Federal elections should be taken from the control of the States entirely, and should be held separately and distinct from State and municipal elections at all times.

"In a democracy like ours, every man pays just as much taxes as any other man, whether he owns much or little material substance, and in times of war every man sound of mind and limb, and within age limitation, is expected to shoulder a gun and fight; whether he be rich or poor, literate or illiterate, cuts no figure. This being true, every man not disqualified by crime or imbecility, should have an equal voice in the election of those who spend his taxes and levy wars that he must fight, and make laws regulating his conduct in the social and civil compact."



✓  
It would be well to look at a few other points as emphasizing the difficulties surrounding the vexed question of suffrage. Popular government on a broad suffrage basis had its opponents among intelligent and patriotic men during the agitation culminating in the Civil War in America. They held that a free press and broad suffrage frightened away the best men from the service of the country.

As the stream will not rise higher than its fountain, so a representative government, in the proper acceptance of that term, will only attract to its service the average talent and morality of the people represented. We have been feeling for years the silent operation of this law upon every department of our government, state and national. Every one who has made the effort knows how hard a thing it is to get our more worthy and capable citizens to accept political trusts of any description. To find American great men we must seek the shades of professional life or the great centres of material industry. We take little risk in saying that there are more of the higher qualities of manhood employed in directing the productive industries of the country than in all the executive departments of the Federal Government combined.

But it is possible to conclude that the alarming conditions that existed at that time (1859) in the degradation of national life were to be traced to deeper causes than universal suffrage. At least we gather this from the remarks of another conservative writer of the period who says:—

"They traced this degradation and danger through the ramifications of trade, fashion, professional life, and manners, and almost demonstrated the es-

sential truth of Macaulay's statements in regard to the effect of universal suffrage on this continent. There was nothing morbid, spiteful, or croaking in these views; they were illustrated by facts, proved by statistics, and the inference was irresistible that the cure of these prolific evils—the stay for this downward tendency—must be sought in social reformation; that individuals and communities must take a stand, apart from old party organizations, on the same principle that Volunteer Corps are raised during an invasion. There must be a propaganda, a fraternity based on disinterested fealty and reform—until power is transferred once more to honest men, to intelligent citizens, and to patriots. In great exigencies such social combinations and protests have been effective—as witness the overthrow of the slave trade, the temperance reformation, etc., and the facts of the hour, and prospects of the future warn us that the time approaches when, unless the good men and true, the wise and patriotic, join hands and minds and hearts in this holy cause, what is now a vague and elemental, will become an organized and integral malady, fatal to the grandest experiment in self-government the world has ever seen!"

Are these words, issuing out of the dead past, in any way prophetic of the conditions of national life in that great country to-day? There are not wanting outspoken patriots like Governor La Follette of Colfax, who would hold that they are, and uneasy reports in the world's press seem to indicate that America, north and south, is drifting back into the old channels out of which the country had to be dragged through a welter of blood and iron and tears. There was no party to save the country in 1860. They found Abraham Lincoln

in 1861—but at what a price. It is curious to relate that the nomination and election of Mr. Lincoln to the presidency of the United States was bewailed by some as a proof of the decline of American statesmanship, and as evidence of the lack of great men and pure minds to guide the ship of State through the political storms.

“Without any reference to personal merits or demerits,” said a press editorial, “no individual so obscure could, in more halycon days, or in a healthy state of the Confederation, have been brought forward for an office so responsible as the Chief Magistracy of thirty millions of people.”

A startling concession to racial prejudice was made by Mr. Chamberlain in his anxiety to terminate a war which had dragged on to inordinate lengths, by attempting in a campaign of conciliation, to conciliate brother Boer at the expense of the black man, in the “drawing of a color line.” By the treaty of Vereeniging which brought the Anglo-Boer war to a close, Clause VIII. of the Peace Articles held the door open for the refusal of the franchise to colored people. Lords Milner and Kitchener as signatories to the treaty on behalf of the British Government, assented to the demands of the Boer leaders by agreeing to this innocent-looking little clause which attempts to barter away the liberties of a people.

“The question of granting the franchise to natives will not be decided until after the introduction of self-government.”

Already, although self-government was still remote, advantage has been taken of the latitude allowed by the clause to close the door to the colored people of the Transvaal, and thus to

those qualified voters of other states who might take up their abode there. A bill passed by the present Legislative Council by a majority of two in favor of including the colored rate-payer to representation under the recent Municipal Franchise Law of Johannesburg was, strangely enough, withdrawn by the Attorney-General on the presumption that the finding of the House would not be acceptable to the people, the majority being composed of the nominees of the Government,—the representatives of the public, such as they were, having voted solidly against the inclusion of the colored rate-payer.

“Passing over the question of the constitutional right of the State Attorney to deal thus with a measure passed in a representative Assembly, we find ourselves confronted by a peculiar definition of the question—Who are the people? given by Lord Milner in an address to the colored people of Johannesburg. According to Lord Milner:—

“‘The white races of South Africa are the guardians of its civilization, and it is for them to decide whom they admit as partners in that guardianship.’

“This must be accepted as the official view, as Lord Milner’s private views appear to favor the granting of the franchise to intelligent and civilized black men. In a petition sent by the South African Native Congress Executive in June, 1902, shortly after the peace terms were announced, it was urged that the question of the enfranchisement of His Majesty’s native and colored subjects should not be left to the decision of the States. It was further urged before Mr. Chamberlain himself during his visit to South Africa, by a deputation of representative natives that the time was opportune for the British Government to enforce its own laws in this respect upon

the new States believing as they held that:—

"A sound construction of the Constitution must allow to the Imperial Legislature a discretionary right to interpret the powers which ought to be carried into execution by the Federal States, as a sacred obligation imposed upon them in the fulfilment of the duties, obligations, and high responsibilities it assigns to them, with a view to the protection and advancement of the best interests of the people, and in a manner best calculated to obtain these ends."

The petitioners considered that if, as they believed, the end and aim of good government was true freedom and the liberty of the subject under the British Government, it was legitimate, constitutional, reasonable, fair, and just for the Government to impose its will upon its own States in regard to the protection of the franchise and the extension of all the privileges of the Constitution to the native and colored subjects of His Gracious Majesty in South Africa, in the same manner as to the white races. And they continued as follows:—

"That your petitioners believe that the Imperial Government is the creator of the proposed Federal States, and in the reconstruction and admission of the newly-formed States into the Union which had no part or voice in the making of the British Constitution, your petitioners believe that any attempt to nullify the rights and privileges granted to the native and colored people would, if successful, and being sanctioned by the British Government, be a breach of its own Constitution."

"That your petitioners believe that the power of the Imperial Government is potential, and the right to abrogate the suffrages of the people—if it can be so designated as a right—rests with it alone; nor can that right or power be

affected by the artifices and evil schemes of designing men; the unscrupulous misrepresentations of certain sections of the Colonial press, which does not fairly reflect the opinions of the best class of His Majesty's loyal subjects, both white and black, who, in intelligence and culture and a whole-souled desire to protect the best interests of the Empire, wish to maintain the Constitution intact and undefiled."

"Wherefore your petitioners humbly pray that in the pending reconstruction of South African affairs, your Gracious Majesty may be pleased to exercise the prerogatives of the Imperial Power by protecting the civil rights of your Majesty's native and colored people as established and regulated by law."

The British Constitution appears to be a very convenient—for the British—instrument, which exists in a series of unwritten precedents in law and practice, although in so far as the Cape Colony is concerned, certain principles have been reduced to writing, but susceptible to alteration at the hands of Parliament.

Mr. Chamberlain held the view that the suffrage was no right, but a privilege, to be granted or withheld by the people of the country. He also wisely cautioned the natives not to agitate the question, advancing the Southern States of America as an example of the conditions brought about by constant irritation of the question. The advice really seems superfluous, for these questions never give way to compromise, as American history has only too well proved, and have a habit of reasserting themselves at intervals, but it is possible that Mr. Chamberlain, being a strong man, believes in autocratic government, "founded on the forceful wills of mastermen," or perhaps in an oligarchy of—Money.

The authors of the Boston Catechism assert that "the ballot is the only self-

protection for any class of people." We suppose it is, when the ballot itself is protected, otherwise it does not appear to afford the Negro the protection claimed for it in some parts of America, nor is there much hope of a ballot reserved for the whites also protecting the natives of the Transvaal or O. R. C.

In Natal the Indians have been deprived of their rights, granted them by Act 8, of 1896, on the ground that they possess no elective representation in their own country. Here the arbitrary will of the stronger caste dictates its own terms to a section of His Majesty's subjects, and assumes the right to withdraw with one hand what had already been granted by the other. With regard to the Zulus, the governor is empowered to confer the right upon those who desire it upon written application, setting forth that they have been exempt from tribal custom for several

years, and have been living under European conditions and law, provided they possess property of £50 value, or are paying an annual rent of £10.

To the representations of the Cape Colored Vigilance Committee of Cape Town on the political status of the black man in the Transvaal, in which they formally protested against the exclusion of the colored rate-payers under the Bill, the Attorney-General (Sir Richard Solomon, K. C.) "regretted that the question cannot now be re-opened." There the matter rests.

Under the leadership of Dr. Jameson, the Progressive Party of the Cape Colony is pledged to the formula of Mr. Rhodes, as one of the main planks in the forthcoming electoral contest, which expresses the matured convictions of a life devoted to South African politics:—Equal rights for all civilized men south of the Zambesi.



### "KEEP SWEET AND KEEP MOVIN'."



Hard to be sweet when the throng is  
dense,

When elbows jostle and shoulders  
crowd;

Easy to give and take offense

When the touch is rough and the  
voice is loud;

"Keep to the right" in the city's throng;

"Divide the road" on the broad high-  
way;

There's one way right when everything's  
wrong;

Just

"Keep sweet and keep movin'."

The quick taunt answers the hasty  
word—

The lifetime chance for a "help" is  
missed;

The muddiest pool is a fountain stirred,  
A kind hand clinched makes an ugly  
fist.

When the nerves are tense and the mind  
is vexed,

The spark lies close to the magazine;  
Whisper a hope to the soul perplexed—  
Banish the fear with a smile serene—

Just

"Keep sweet and keep movin'."

—Robert J. Burdette, "The Classmate."



## CAMP LIFE OF THE TENTH U. S. CAVALRY.



ALBERT S. LOWE.



CAMP WILLIAM CARY SANGER, FORT REILLEY, KANSAS.

The majority of people picture the enlisted soldier as a man always loading and firing a gun, and steeped in the blood of his adversaries, whose lifeless bodies are distributed in piles about his feet. Also, he is always enveloped in clouds of smoke arising from cannon, or is in the midst of a gallant charge during which he drives the enemy before him at a wild gallop. When we think of him in any other light, it is as pale and wan upon a bed of pain, surrounded by doctors and nurses.

Such are our dreams of a soldier's life; but in the time of peace, the soldier lives about the same, outside of certain military restrictions, as the civilian, having the same aspirations, hopes and fears and pleasures.

We give a number of views from photographs taken on the spot by Mr. Albert S. Lowe, showing the life of the soldier boys of the Tenth United States Cavalry during peace—the famous Tenth that charged so gallantly up San Juan hill and saved Colonel Roosevelt to the American people for the highest honor in the gift of the nation—that of President. Mr. Andrew Carnegie but gave the Negro his due in his recent utterances when he pictured the great bulk of black humanity standing behind the flag, as ready to-day to sacrifice life and property for the preservation of those principles which have made his government the marvel of civilization, as it was in the perilous times of the great Civil War.

Though thick and fast the missiles flew,  
From rifle and from cannon too,  
Their comrades fell, and gasped and  
died,  
Yet they pressed on, and death defied,  
Thinking only of victory,  
Thus marched the brave Tenth Cavalry.

Their captain shouted: "Charge the foe!"  
Ten thousand comrades, from below,  
Watched them amid that "Hell of fire,"  
Nor faltered one, but higher, higher,  
And nearer toward the enemy,  
Charged the brave Tenth Cavalry.

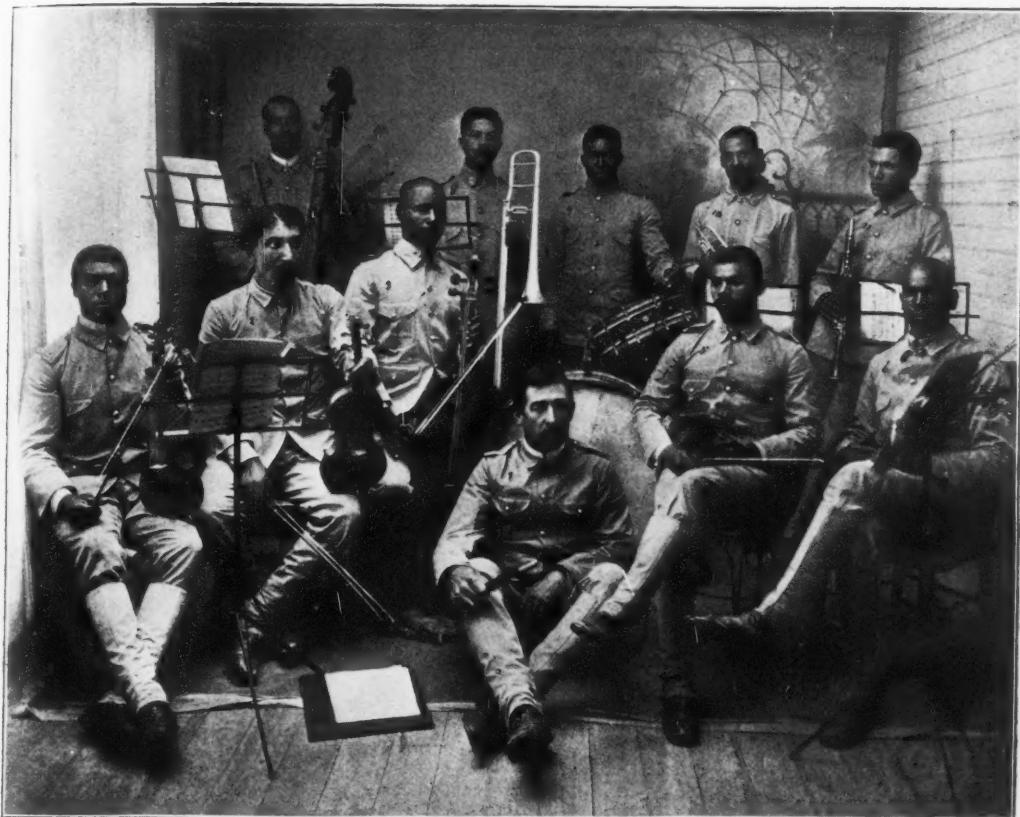
They reached at last San Juan's height;  
The enemy was put to flight;  
Nor harder was a battle won,  
Nor braver deed was ever done,  
Than this bold stroke for liberty,  
Made by the brave Tenth Cavalry.

When shall be told in tale and song,  
How, to avenge a mighty wrong,  
This Nation sent her stalwart men—  
How they died her flag to defend—  
Let fitting tribute given be,  
The dusky, brave, Tenth Cavalry.

—(Rev. R. A. Adams.)



BASEBALL TEAM, 10TH U. S. CAVALRY.



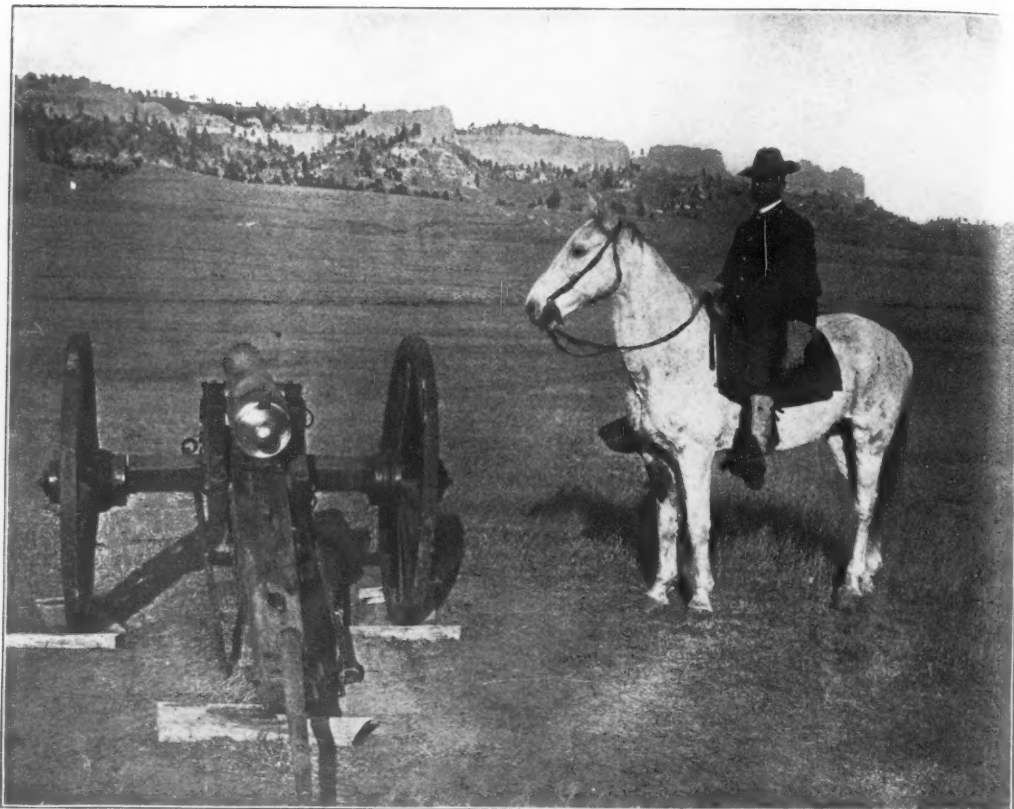
BAND 10TH CAVALRY, U. S. A., FORT ROBINSON, NEBRASKA.

Say what we will, argue and talk, and talk and argue, the Negro is a factor to be reckoned with in the future advancement of this government—and we might better say in the advancement of all peoples in all sections of the globe. Chances for the Negro are developing rapidly, and a little patience is all that is required to complete the work of elevating the race.

Our first picture is a section of the great military encampment at Pawnee Valley, Camp William Sanger, Fort Riley, Kansas. The company marched from Fort Robinson, Nebraska, in the early fall, and held a series of interesting military operations, which included realistic mimic battles, viewed by thou-

sands of visitors. To this general enjoyment the base-ball teams and bands and orchestras, made up entirely of soldier talent, contributed their full share. The base-ball team never lost a game last season, winning the regimental banner, called the regimental championship. The banner was presented by the Colonel of the regiment to the winning team for valuable service, at the close of the base-ball season. We give the names of the members of the team, and it is a curious fact that many of the members are also members of the regimental band and orchestra.

1, Harris; 2, Lewis; 3, Roan; 4, Forby; 5, Hambright; 6, Sergeant John Buck, manager and drum major of the band;



ALBERT S. LOWE AND HIS FAITHFUL HORSE "EAGLE."

7, Vaughn; 8, Jones; 9, Thornton; 10, Porter; 11, Pleasant; 13, Shorter.

The little boy is Richard Hay, the son of Captain and Mrs. Hay. The dog bears the name of Jumbo, which must have been given him in mockery of his size by the fun-loving members of the team.

The orchestra of the Tenth U. S. Cavalry extends a hearty greeting to the readers of "The Colored American Magazine," and also its best wishes to all musicians, and other friends who have musical tastes. The orchestra has visited many cities, and hopes in the near future to take a trip to the East. There are fourteen members, but a number are absent from the picture. Their names are:

1—Harce Pemberton, Philadelphia, Pa., clarinet and violin.

2—Mr. F. R. Dolby, Ohio, bass-drum and violin.

3—Mr. J. F. Hendricks, Pulaski City, Va., clarinet, saxophone, organ and cello violin.

4—Chief musician, George H. Kelly, Boston, Mass., cornet soloist and band master.

5—Mr. T. C. Hammond, Pittsburg, Pa., violin and cornet.

6—Mr. Howard C. Roan, Philadelphia, Pa., violin and trombone.

Mr. John Harris, Kentucky, "E" tuba, double "B," bass-viol.

Mr. Albert S. Lowe, Atlanta, Ga., violin and trombone soloist, trap drummer.

The gun in this picture is one of

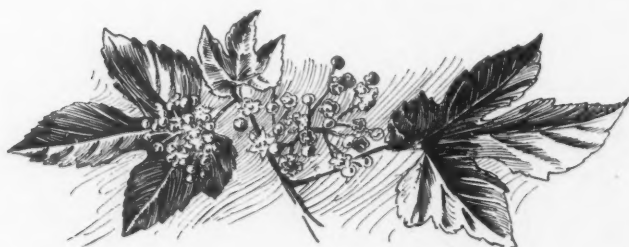




MR. MITCHELL A. HARRIS,  
BAND 10TH U. S. CAVALRY.

Uncle Sam's remedies warranted to cure all wrongs and solve all problems. It also has a coaxing way which is irresistible, of calling back all wanderers from the fold of civilization. The horse is my own faithful steed "Eagle." He loves music, and marches proudly along

in strict time as the band plays. We hope to give the readers of "The Colored American Magazine" another article, fully illustrated, dealing more explicitly with the doings of camp life among the boys in blue at the far-away Western stations.



## THE KINGDOM OF GOD.



EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

There is no unbelief;  
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod  
And waits to see it push away the clod,  
He trusts in God.

Whoever says, when clouds are in the  
sky,  
"Be patient, heart; light breaketh by-  
and-by,"  
Trusts the Most High.

Whoever sees, 'neath winter's field of  
snow,  
The silent harvest of the future grow,  
God's power must keep.

Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,  
Content to lock each sense in slumber  
deep,  
Knows God will keep.

# HERE AND THERE

(Under this heading we shall publish monthly such short articles or locals as will enable our subscribers to keep in close touch with the various social movements among the colored race, not only throughout this country, but the world. All are invited to contribute items of general news and interest.)

The opportunity to make an honest dollar is worth more to a man or race than any social privileges that we can think of. The sooner that the Negro makes up his mind that he must solve his own problem, the sooner will he get down to business, as a race, and begin to be something—I mean, of course, as a majority. We know that idleness leads to vice, and must not be encouraged; we know that the majority of our race are ignorant, and we must educate along all lines—educate our young men and women to thrift, honesty, virtue, business ability and good citizenship. These are the things that should occupy the Negro's time and thoughts to the exclusion of all other subjects.

In the career of Mr. Robert E. Turner, a young Chicago business man, we find an example of a young man rising from humble beginnings to a sphere of comfortable usefulness. A few years ago Mr. Turner decided to make an opening for himself in the business world; he turned his attention to the boot-blackening business, and after many and varied experiences, built up a popular shoe-shining resort and cigar emporium. His parlors are located on one of Chicago's busiest thoroughfares, admirably equipped with all the latest improvements and luxuries, which, together with the skill of his six assistants, have contributed materially to the popularity of the enterprise.

Mr. Turner is also well known in social life, being a Mason and Odd Fellow. Mr. Turner is Past Master of North Star Lodge, No. 1, A. F. & A. M., and P. N. F. of West Chicago Lodge, No. 3969, G. U. O. O. F.

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Professor Alexander Simpson was born in Louisiana, in 1874. He came to Chicago when but a mere boy, working as a bell boy and waiter in various hotels, and as a sleeping-car porter and a barber-shop porter from time to time.

The young fellow saved his money, and finally made up his mind to take up a business for himself, so he entered college for the study of chiropody, and was graduated therefrom as a chiropodist. His success has been unbroken, his skillfulness and close attention to business winning golden opinions from every patient. He is very popular with all classes, and is doing a thriving business.

Mr. Simpson is connected with "The Chicago Monitor," a colored weekly paper; he is also well known in church circles, being usher in the Provident Baptist Church.

✱ ✱ ✱ ✱

Few Chicago business men are better known than Mr. C. A. C. Smith. Twenty years ago he moved to the Windy City and entered into business, opening a first-class barber shop equipped in the

latest fashion and strictly up-to-date in every way. He devoted all his time to making trade, succeeding in this particular by acquainting himself with the personal needs of his customers and attending to them in the most careful manner. In this way he has built up a business second to none in Chicago.

As a politician, Mr. Smith has made himself felt in his ward. He is popular with all who know him, and is a strong race man, urging unity and brotherly love. M. Smith is also a member of the Masons and Odd Fellows, being Grand Generalissimo of the Grand Commandery of Illinois and Iowa; Past Master of North Star Lodge, No. 1; A. F. and A. M.; St. Mark's Chapter, No. 1, R. A. M. P. H. P.; St. George Commandery No. 4, P. E. C.; Occidental Consistory in Valley of Chicago; Arabic Temple; Mystic Shrine Oases; Princess Bernice; Chapter 24, O. E. S., Chicago. Also charter member of the famous Appomattox Club of Chicago, the greatest Negro club in America.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Samuel C. Green was born in Winter Park, Chesterfield Co., Va. Early in life he moved to Lisbon, O. His opportunities for education were limited.

He held several positions in Lisbon. Among them may be mentioned working in woolen mills, learning painting trade, working as fireman, and working as boss burner at the United States Fire Clay Co. of that town. He next went into the lumber business, operating a saw-mill. Not making as much progress as he would like in his own town, he moved to Cleveland, went to night school there, and again entered the lumber business, this time in the wholesale trade. But he was not content with that, so he made another change, this

time entering the "Chattel Mortgage" business.

His next venture was driving a wagon for a large furniture company. He was soon promoted and made manager, and conducted a branch store for them, handling their sofa beds. After they went out of business, he accepted a position as collector for the "Leonard Sofa Bed Co." In July, 1902 the company was incorporated, with a capital of \$25,000, and Mr. Green was elected its manager. In September of same year he was elected president and manager. On October 27, 1902, he purchased the stock and interest of every stockholder and became sole owner. He changed the name to the "New Leonard Sofa Bed Co."

Business has steadily increased, and he has been compelled to build a new factory, which is in occupancy now. The top floor has already been leased out as a ball-room to the Society of True Reformers.

\* \* \* \*

Hon. Cyrus Field Adams was born forty years ago in Louisville, Ky., the son of Henry and Margaret Adams, and early acquired the rudiments of an English education in his father's school.

Cyrus Field Adams had the advantage of a Christian home, and was reared in the atmosphere of the school. He began to attend his father's school at the age of three years. At the Adams house there was a well-selected library, and young Adams read with avidity nearly every book therein. He seemed to have an insatiable desire for reading; dull encyclopædias had no terrors for him; he read everything, and filled his mind with much valuable information. Mr. Adams is to-day one of the well-informed men of the country. At the age of eight years, young Adams was sent to

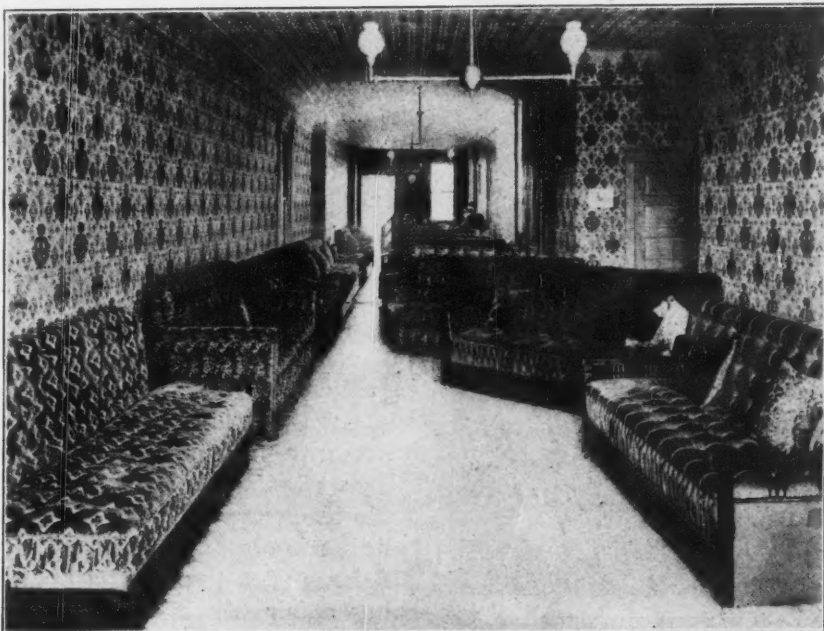




MR. SAMUEL C. GREEN,  
PROPRIETOR OF THE NEW LEONARD SOFA BED  
COMPANY, CLEVELAND, O.  
See Page 210.

Cincinnati and placed in the public schools of that city. His parents, desiring to secure advantages not offered in Cincinnati, at the age of eleven he entered the high school at Oberlin, O., and later the college. He did not complete the course, as the death of his father occurred, and he was obliged to leave school to hustle for a living. He worked a while delivering an Oberlin grocer's goods in a hand-cart; returning to Cincinnati, he secured employment as an office boy for a real estate firm. The former office boy received a stipend of \$2.50 per week. No agreement was made regarding Adams' pay, but at the end of the week his work had been so well done that Mr. Horton handed him \$5 as his wage.

He was next employed by the banking firm of Andrews, Bissell & Co., where at the end of three months he was promoted to the position of clearing-house clerk. When the firm wound up its



SHOW ROOM OF THE NEW LEONARD SOFA BED COMPANY.



MR. C. A. C. SMITH,  
CHICAGO, ILL.

See Page 209.

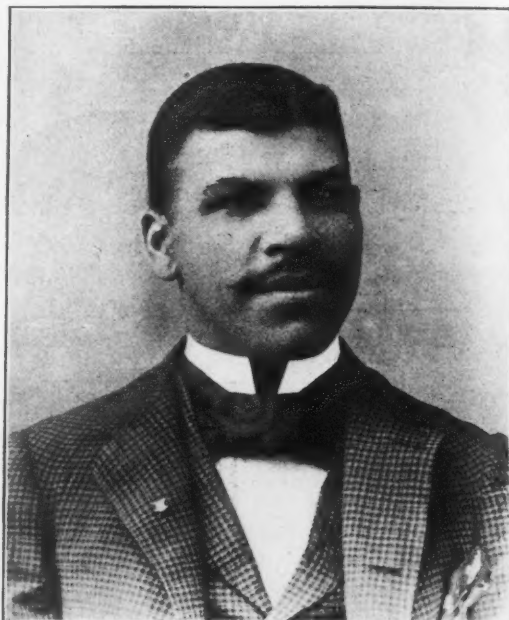


PROF. ALEXANDER SIMPSON,  
CHICAGO, ILL.

See Page 209.

affairs, young Adams, who had saved a little money, began business for himself, as a dealer in foreign stamps, coins and other curiosities, and he was quite successful.

In 1877 he returned to his old home in Louisville, Ky., where he accepted a place as a teacher in the public schools, and also continued his curiosity business. In 1882, although kept busy with his newspaper, school duties, and curiosity business, Mr. Adams found time to study the German and Italian lan-



MR. ROBERT E. TURNER,  
CHICAGO, ILL.

See Page 209.

guages, and after applying himself for about two years, he began the instruction of a class in the German language. This class was composed principally of the teachers in the Afro-American public schools of Louisville, and Mr. Adams used the natural method, teaching a fair conversational knowledge of the language in six weeks.

In 1884, Mr. Adams visited Europe,

travelling through the principal countries and spending some time in Germany, acquiring a more perfect knowledge of the language of the Fatherland. When he returned to America he was appointed Professor of the German language and literature in the State University, Louisville, Ky., where he remained one year. For two years Professor Adams travelled through the United States, teaching German in six-week classes in the principal cities. That he was successful is evidenced by the fact that he is the possessor of eight gold and diamond medals, presented by his classes in various parts of the country.

In 1885, "The Appeal" was launched, with offices in Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Louisville and Dallas.

In 1893 Mr. Adams published an edition of "The Appeal," dated September 22, 1893. It portrayed what is supposed would be the condition of affairs at that time. The white and colored races had changed places. That is, the whites were represented as a decadent race, the colored people taking toward them the attitudes of toleration and condescension assumed by the whites toward the Afro-Americans of to-day. Telegrams of the time were cleverly paraphrased, white men taking the places of their darker brothers in cases of accusation and crime. It was a brilliant satire. This issue of "The Appeal" attracted wide attention, and 51,000 copies were sold, the greater number of which were purchased by Caucasians.

In 1900 Mr. Adams was the Republican nominee for Clerk of the Town of South Chicago, which is the richest town in the world.

Mr. Adams' opponent was a saloon keeper, and the politicians told him he would have to make a saloon canvass—go around with the "boys," and drink high balls, and other concoctions. This,

Mr. Adams, who neither drinks spirituous liquors nor uses tobacco, refused to do, saying that it was necessary to change the habits of a life to secure a public office, he preferred to be defeated. Instead of a high ball and gin rickey canvass he made a novel linguistic campaign.

The German, the Frenchman, the Swede, the Norwegian, the Bohemian, were addressed in their mother tongues. When the votes were counted it was found that in a district normally Democratic, Mr. Adams had overcome the 5,000 Democratic majority of the previous year, and was elected by a majority of 1,074.

In August, 1900, Mr. Adams was appointed a member of the Republican National Advisory Committee. He was put in charge of the Bureau for the Colored Press. It was the first time in any campaign that any real newspaper education was attempted among the colored people as a class. The results show that it was very effective. Mr. Adams being the publisher of a stalwart Republican newspaper, was peculiarly suited to this work. He prepared sheets of bright, short editorial paragraphs and leaders, and sent the same to the colored press. Nearly every Afro-American paper in the country used some of this matter; at least seventy-five per cent. of the papers printed nearly every line that was furnished, and a number of the papers turned their editorial columns over to Mr. Adams, and used no other matter. A great deal of this matter was considered so effective by the Republican managers that it was also sent out to the 5,000 white papers on the list. In addition to the newspaper influence, thousands of letters were addressed to colored people of prominence in all parts of the country, giving plans of campaigning. In this way, hundreds of

thousands of voters were reached. Mr. Adams also issued a special edition of "The Appeal," filled with choice campaign matter, and sent out at his own expense 50,000 copies for distribution among the Afro-American voters of the United States,

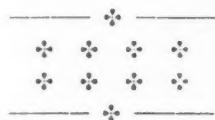
Mr. Adams was three times president of the National Afro-American Press Association. On February 4, 1901, the members of the National Press Association presented Mr. Adams with a beautiful solid gold watch and chain, the movement being the finest manufactured by the Elgin National Watch Company.

Mr. Adams is the first and only life member of the National Afro-American Council, which is the leading general

race organization of the country. Mr. Adams held the office of Secretary of this organization for two years.

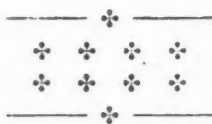
He is the first life member of the National Afro-American Business League, of which Booker T. Washington, who is a close friend of Mr. Adams, is President. This organization is doing good work for the race along business lines.

In January, 1901, Mr. Adams was appointed Assistant Register of the United States Treasury by President McKinley, for which place he is well qualified by his previous training. He is the first Illinois Afro-American to receive a presidential appointment, and the first of the race to be appointed in the Twentieth Century.



### WISDOM.

"It calms the temper,  
Beautifies the face,  
And gives to woman  
Dignity and grace."



### PSALMS OF LIFE—UP-TO-DATE

"Say not thou, 'There's nothing doing;  
Have a nerve for any fate;  
Let thy motto be, 'Get busy!  
Learn to hustle soon or late.'"



## THE AFRICAN AND WEST INDIAN CORNER.



### TRADE WITH LIBERIA—OPPORTUNITIES FOR ITS EXTENSION.

United States Charge d'Affaires Surgeon, at Monrovia, Liberia, writes as follows on the opportunities for American trade in that country:

"Owing to the absence of direct steam communication between the United States and Liberia the trade between the two countries is practically nil as compared with the trade between Liberia and Great Britain, Germany, France and Holland. Liberia produces many articles similar to those which the United States imports in large quantities, viz.: coffee, palm oil, camwood, ginger, cacao and piassava. There are great forests of rubber trees in the country, the British concessionnaires controlling the industry.

"The Anglo-African Argus and Gold Coast Globe' notes that the palm oil shipped from Liverpool to the United States for the first six months of 1892 represented a total of 5200 tons, entered at the following ports: New York, 2,595 tons; Boston, 1,243 tons; Newport News, 963 tons; Philadelphia, 385 tons, and Baltimore, 14 tons.

"The African League' (local journal of Monrovia), commenting on the importation of palm oil into the United States, says: 'This shows us to what extent West African produce is used in the United States, or at least, this particular West African product. It should be remembered by our friends and merchants in the United States that probably no part of West Africa is more productive of palm oil than Liberia; therefore, if there were direct steamship communication between the United

States and Liberia, the former would not have to buy through the agency of Liverpool, but it could buy directly of Liberia, shipping it on the Americo-Liberian steamer. Not only could palm oil be shipped from Liberia to the United States, but thousands of tons of rubber could be shipped from the rubber fields of Liberia to the great ports of America, where it is extensively used. Rubber is a great staple in Liberia, and is destined to be one of the greatest exports of the Black Republic. Not only in these, but in her lumber industry is she destined to rank first among the West African States. Her dense forests of mahogany trees of itself make Liberia great in lumber industry. Besides mahogany, there is a wood in Liberia—a kind of ironwood—of which it is said there is hardly any end to its durability. Another very useful class of timber is the African pine, as also the African gum tree, and many other kinds of trees useful in the lumber industry. Hence, lumbering in itself will finally form an important industry in Liberia, and her exports along this line will bring large returns of wealth to this nation.

"The statement relative to rubber in the foregoing extract is misleading, as an English syndicate has a monopoly of the rubber industry; but the wealth of Liberia in forestry is all and more than the League claims. A concession for the development of the Liberian lumber industry can be obtained by any substantial American syndicate.

"A like opportunity offers for the cultivation of cotton in Liberia. Within the last two or three years the Germans in Togoland and the English in Lagos

have been experimenting in cotton growing with good results, and as Liberia is in the same physical belt as Lagos, there is no reason why similar results should not be obtained from like efforts. The natives have, from time immemorial, raised cotton and made their own cloth, hence there need not be any 'experiment' outlay.

"Liberia just now holds the attention of the mining world. While the American capitalist and mining investor has lost much by inactivity and lack of interest in the known mineral resources of this republic, there are yet profitable fields left open to investment. Not only gold, silver, copper, tin, coal and iron are found in Liberia, but diamonds have recently been discovered. The right to prospect and mine in Murtsenado and Maryland counties has been granted to the West African gold concessionaires of London, but the Bassa and Sinoe counties are as yet unoccupied. By the agreement between the Government of Liberia and the West African concessionaires, there is no close monopoly, as every other plot or block in the territory named is reserved to the Government."

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**NATIVE  
HEROISM  
REWARDED.**

English Church,  
Braamfontein,  
Johannesburg,  
Dec. 13, 1903.

To the Editor of "Izwi Labantu."

Dear Sir,—Will you please make known, in your own words and in both languages, in your next issue, that Sir Godfrey Lagden will, on Sunday, Dec. 20, at 5.30 p. m. (in the compound of St. Cyprian's Church, Brickfields, Johannesburg) present to Samuel Sibinda, of Roodepoort, on behalf of England's Society for Protecting Life from Fire, the Society's highest award (a silver medal of honor) in recognition of conspicuous courage shown by Mr. Sibinda

on June 16th last, when he rescued two white children from a burning tenement adjoining the store of Messrs. Harper and Anner, Roodepoort. The buildings were burning fiercely, and the room filled with blinding smoke. He was able to find them by their cries. The youngest child—a baby—was nearly roasted, and died a few days later; but the older one (a boy of five years) was not much hurt. Half an hour later, nothing but ashes remained of either the store or the adjacent buildings.

Feeling that Samuel's courage deserved recognition, I reported the circumstances to London, with the above result; and I am convinced that you will do your best to make known the event of the presentation, that there may be a great meeting of Natives to witness the honor preferred on their fellow countryman.

Yours faithfully,

C. ARTHUR LANE,

Priest in Charge.

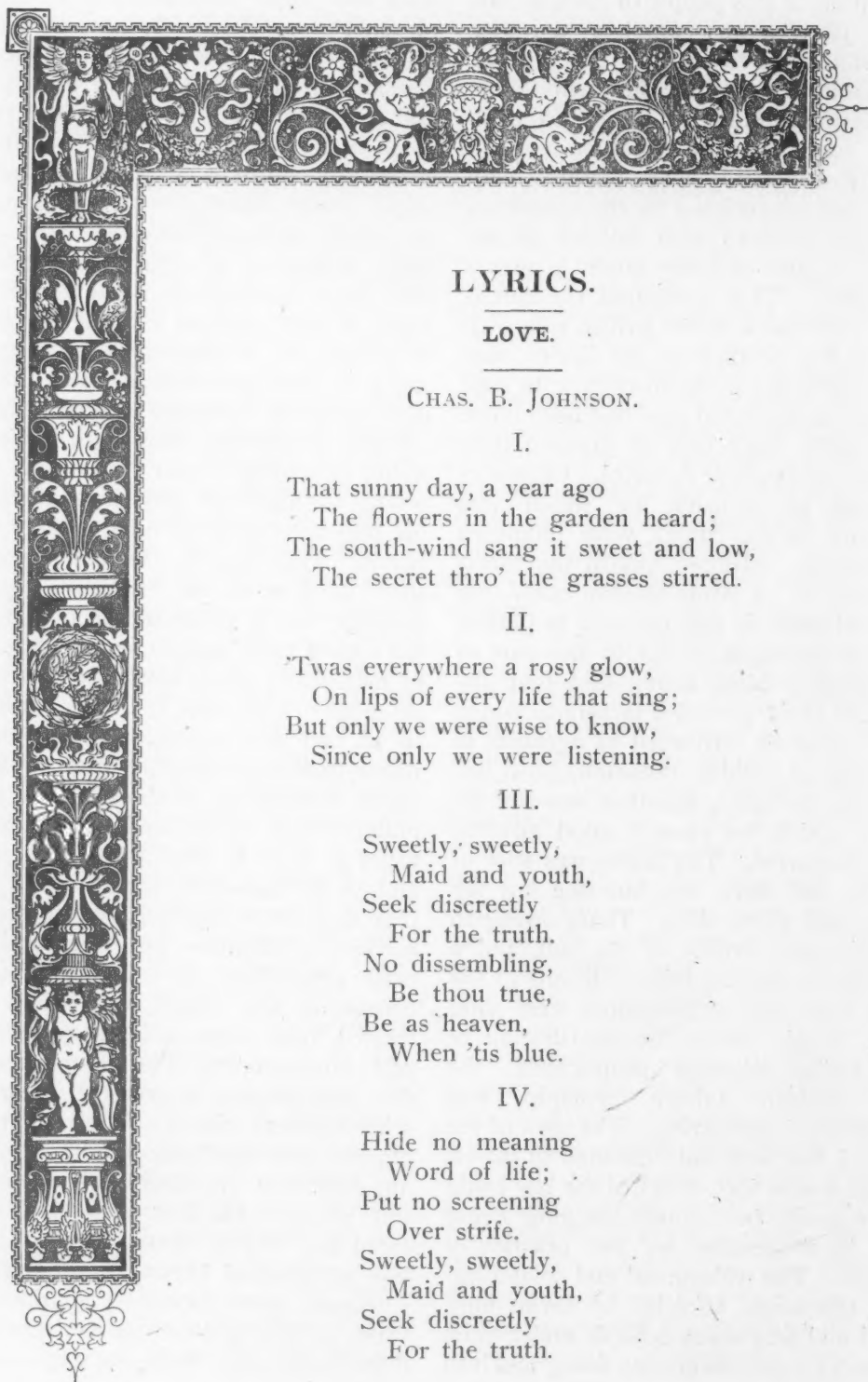
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**THE RAPID  
EVOLUTION  
OF THE  
JAMAICA  
BLACK.**

Miss Pullen Burry recently read a paper on "The Rapid Evolution of the Jamaica Black," before the British Association. She said that there were two matters of anthropological interest which could not fail to strike the observant visitor to Jamaica—namely, the fusion of varying racial elements, and the rapid transition from semi-savagery into civilization of the descendants of African slaves. Nowhere else in the world were similar phenomena to be met with. It seemed possible to have one civilization for blacks, colored people and whites. After sketching the history of the island for the past century, Miss Burry remarked that if by civilization was meant the safety of life and the protection of property, then the

civilization of this people of African origin in Jamaica was complete—a rather bold statement to make. Sixty years had sufficed to bring this remarkable and desirable state of things to pass. Their courtesy, native politeness, and cheerful disposition were features duly noted and appreciated by the numerous American visitors who flocked to the shores of Jamaica every winter in search of health. They compared the condition of the black under British rule with that of his brother in the States, and agreed that the problem of how to deal with an emancipated race had been more successfully dealt with in Jamaica than in their own part of America. Crimes of violence, the penalty for which was lynching in the States, were unknown in Jamaica. Murder was of the rarest occurrence. A white woman could, for she had done it, ride or walk in perfect security by night or day in any part of the island. Miss Burry said that she thought there were five factors to which much must be attributed as agencies in working so rapid a transition. Most important, probably, was that sense of security which the present good government imparted. The native was sure of justice, for there was but one law for black and white alike. Then, owing to the extreme fertility of the soil, and a beneficent climate, the conditions of life were easy, and its necessities were soon met. Again, under the ministration of an active religious propaganda, the old African Obeah worship was gradually disappearing. The spell of the wizard was now only dreaded in far-off places where the terrors of the law could more easily be evaded, flogging being the legal penalty for the practice of Obeah. The widespread and solid English education, afforded by seven hundred and fifty-seven schools under Government supervision, was doing much to

train the people and raise the standard of education. The blacks were now beginning to learn the art of agriculture. Peasant proprietorships were facilitated and encouraged, and thus their own personal interest was concerned with their success or failure to cultivate their holdings. Petty larceny, want of thought and thrift, and unkindness to aged parents, seemed to be their chief offences. Still, their standard of morality showed signs of improvement in these respects. It would be unreasonable to expect much in two generations. For in the days of slavery marriage was almost universally prohibited, and indiscriminate living encouraged; and probably it was owing to inherited ignorance of home life and the ties of blood that they displayed callousness to the sufferings of their aged relatives. And the petty thieving was a reminiscence of the old days when there was no need for the law of *meum and teum*, when the slave had no money of his own, but helped himself to all that was necessary for his sustenance from his master's property. Miss Burry referred to Archbishop Nuttall's philanthropic efforts and broad-minded views of how to deal with the colored and black classes in Jamaica, and said that they were thoroughly appreciated across the Atlantic. The black and colored population formed the laboring classes of the island, and when well treated, they made satisfactory servants and work-people. The forerunners in the evolutionary movement were the schoolmasters, clergy, clerks, shop employees, and mechanics. The words of an American traveller aptly describes this people. He has said: "The educated are bravely struggling with their less enlightened kinsmen. Each year witnesses some forward step taken by these people so lately freed from bondage."—"Boston Transcript."



## LYRICS.

### LOVE.

CHAS. B. JOHNSON.

#### I.

That sunny day, a year ago  
The flowers in the garden heard;  
The south-wind sang it sweet and low,  
The secret thro' the grasses stirred.

#### II.

'Twas everywhere a rosy glow,  
On lips of every life that sing;  
But only we were wise to know,  
Since only we were listening.

#### III.

Sweetly, sweetly,  
Maid and youth,  
Seek discreetly  
For the truth.  
No dissembling,  
Be thou true,  
Be as 'heaven,  
When 'tis blue.

#### IV.

Hide no meaning  
Word of life;  
Put no screening  
Over strife.  
Sweetly, sweetly,  
Maid and youth,  
Seek discreetly  
For the truth.





We reproduce for the benefit of our readers an excerpt from the editorial columns of the "New York Evening Sun," of February 17, 1904.

The true philanthropist is he who works for the public good, meaning by the word "public," men of whatever race, creed or color. All thinking people know that the establishment of schools and charitable institutions, contributions of money and personal labor among the lowly have thus far failed to bring about the spirit of harmony and oneness necessary to the permanent welfare of the government and the comfort and happiness of its people.

In spite of the prodigality of these contributions, different races under the flag cherish feelings of hatred and loathing for one another, and the cordial feeling of brotherly unity is sadly lacking.

In the midst of intense suffering, experienced by one race at the hands of anarchistic, no-account elements in another race, we acknowledge that we have received the cup of cold water and the hand of warm fellowship from numbers of humane and broad-minded citizens. These citizens are keenly alive to the degradation that another class is bringing upon the fair fame of this greatest of all republics, and are quietly putting forth efforts leading to the ultimate amelioration of the unsanitary condition of public sentiment. These people see nothing threatening in the laudable desire of the Negro for a fair field and no favor in wage-earning and in politics.

In the excerpt which follows, the

"Sun" has done us a god turn. A few more white men with the courage of their convictions and the lion heart to stand by them will bring in the peace which we all long to see.

We believe that the new solution of the Negro question which is about to be adopted by men and women of all shades of complexion, faith and politics will succeed, for we live in deede, not words. Please God so may it be!

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#### THE EDUCATED NEGRO AND THE SOUTH.

In his admirable address at the recent meeting in the interest of Hampton Institute, its president, Dr. H. B. Frissell, dwelt upon a curious phase of the Negro problem in the South. Speaking of the attitude of the general mass of white men towards the educated Negro, he pointed out their remarkable ignorance of what the graduates of colored schools are doing to elevate themselves and their race. Even those friendly to their education do not read the Negro newspapers or magazines, or listen to Negro leaders such as Mr. Washington, or study the extraordinary statistics of the Negro's rise in wealth since the close of the Civil War. Only such broad-minded Southerners as the members of the Southern and General Education Boards are really familiar with the educated Negro's progress. And this condition of affairs is all the more remarkable since the stock reply to every North-

ern remonstrance is: "Come down and live with us for a while, learn to know the problem as we know it, and in a week or two you will feel just as we do about it."

For this ignorance of the upward march of the educated Negro it will not do to hold mere prejudice or race hatred responsible. But since the caste system practically prevents the intercourse of the two race elements, save in the relationship of employer and employee, of mistress and servant, the white man must necessarily remain largely in ignorance of what the more prosperous and industrious Negro is doing for himself and his fellows. When the word Negro is mentioned the picture inspired in the white Southerner's mind is all too often that of the colored desperado, of the ragged corner-loafer, of the animal-like plantation hand of the Black Belt, or of the shiftless, insolent, and dirty house servant. Sometimes, too, the word suggests the Negro whose smattering of learning has been as dangerous to him as it proverbially is to men of all times and races. Only to the exceptional white man does it signify the honest, respectable Negro farmer or tradesman or shopkeeper, for of these the white population sees but little, and hears still less.

Proof of the correctness of Dr. Frisell's contention is not far to seek. Take the Calhoun School, in Alabama, for instance. Founded by Northerners, its primary object was to aid both whites and Negroes by changing the ignorant, shiftless, immoral Negro into an intelligent, industrious, and moral citizen, with a respectable home instead of a one-room shanty, the breeding-place of vice and of disease. All the progress made by Calhoun is in the interest of the white population, since it increased the safety of the roads, made more efficient workers, and added materially to the wealth of

the community. Yet the school had been at work for years before a white neighbor crossed the threshold of the "nigger teachers." Having at last broken the ice and seen for themselves the character of the work and the self-sacrifices of those engaged in it, they are now coming to recognize its worth, and have even begun, in a small way, to help along the enterprise.

To take a more striking example: one of the most prominent bankers in Richmond last spring solemnly assured Northern visitors last spring that the Negro was fitted only for house service or for work on the farm. The only kind of Negro education he approved of was that which would produce servants or laborers. His spirit was in no way unfriendly to the Negroes as such, and he spoke feelingly of the many admirable qualities of his domestics. But he was in total ignorance of what the educated Negro is doing right in Richmond. He had never heard that the only woman bank president in Virginia, if not in the South, is a Richmond colored woman, or that the only woman apothecary licensed by the Virginia State Board of Pharmacy resides only a few blocks from him, and that she has a dark skin. He did not know that the colored physicians in the Richmond hospital were educated in New York, Paris and London, or even that there was a colored hospital. He had heard of the largest of the three Negro banks, but did not know that in a time of financial stringency it was the only one in Richmond to loan cash to the city authorities for their immediate needs. The banker was, of course, unaware that this bank is part of a Negro fraternal society founded by an ex-slave, which, after an existence of only twenty-three years, has 65,000 benefiting members, holding policies valued at \$7,715,702. This society has paid \$825,217.25

in settlement of 6,048 death claims, has aided sick members to the extent of \$1,125,000, and now owns real estate valued at \$300,000. The monthly payroll of its employees is more than \$4,000. Its bank has 10,000 accounts and deposits of \$200,000, with a capital of \$100,000. Finally, the banker is still unaware that the best steam laundry in Richmond is owned by colored men, and represents a capital of \$20,000.

It is not necessary to cite further proof of Dr. Frissell's statement. The evidence is all with this veteran educator, who has lived South for many years, and is so nobly carrying on Gen. Armstrong's work. A serious question confronting the Northerners and Southerners engaged in the solution of the race problem is, therefore, how to get the facts of the Negro's progress before the whites, and how to acquaint them with the high aims, the aspirations, and the actual achievements of the Negro missionaries everywhere working to uplift their people. Only a mutual understanding and respect can help both races to live in the comity and friendliness which all who desire the country's peace must strive for.

\* \* \* \*

The case involving the right of Negroes to sit on juries in Alabama, recently decided by the United States Supreme Court, is being regarded by the county authorities of Dallas in the selection of juries for that county. The Selma "Times" has this to say on the subject:

"In a case that went up from Montgomery County a short while ago, the United States Supreme Court held that when Negroes were excluded from being drawn on juries, on motion of any attorney defending a man, the verdict could be set aside, when a conviction was had.

"Under this ruling of the United States Supreme Court, it was absolutely necessary to put the names of Negroes in the jury box along with the white men's names, in order to comply with the decision of the United States Court. The jury commission, acting under legal advice, put the names of Negroes in the box, and yesterday, when the juries were drawn, the names of several Negroes were drawn to serve on juries.

"On the regular petit jury for the week commencing February 29, the names of Wm. F. Clark, the well-known barber, and David Taylor Mitchel were drawn. On the regular petit jury for April 18, the name of R. H. Reagin was drawn. C. W. Smith, the painter, and several others, were drawn on special venires.

"This is the first time since reconstruction days that the names of Negroes have appeared on a jury list in Dallas. It is hardly probable that any of them will sit on a jury, on account of being set aside by the lawyers on one side or the other, but there is nothing to prevent them drawing their two dollars per day as long as the term for which they are drawn lasts.

"The jury commissioners acted right in complying with the decision of the court, otherwise the county would have been put to a great expense. The Supreme Court is bigger than the custom that has prevailed in the South of excluding Negroes' names from the jury box, and the decision of the United States Supreme Court will have to be complied with everywhere in order to make the drawing of juries legal."

—"Montgomery Evening Times," Feb. 2, 1904.

\* \* \* \*

Are you reading the articles on Jamaica by Mr. John C. Freund of New York? The composition is an art study

in itself; the simple language in which Mr. Freund tells his story is the height of art. No wonder his own paper, "The Music Trades" is the greatest power in the world of music. Mr. Freund has contributed these papers free of cost to the columns of the magazine, that our readers may have the benefit of his pure style, which is an education in itself.

✱ ✱ ✱ ✱

The world to-day needs "The Colored American Magazine" that it may have a true idea of what the race is doing. Our white brother needs it to learn of the progress, ability, and sterling worth of our leading men, and the Negro needs it as a medium through which to proclaim to the world that the Negro has as great possibilities for good and for building up a high plane of life as any people on the face of the earth. All that we ask is fair play, and no special favors. We wish, too, to show to the world that we are, as Mr. Carnegie has said, true Americans, filled with love for our country, and desirous of being good citizens: To that end we have adopted as our motto for the League the words, "For Humanity." In these words we proclaim that we are an integral part of this great country.

✱ ✱ ✱ ✱

Are you a member of The Colored American League? If not, why not? It only costs you One Dollar a Year to belong to the League, have the magazine sent to your door each month, and to have the right to wear the Colored American League Button in the lapel of your coat. Have you seen one of our buttons? No? They are beauties.

From this on, the magazine will be issued early in the month, and we trust that each agent will at once proceed to double his order. With the reduction in price for this really beautiful number, our agents should be able to do a driving business. Do not forget that One Dollar gives you the magazine for One Year, the Button, and a Membership in The Colored American League.

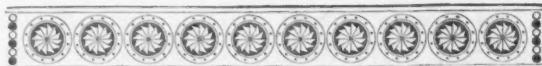
✱ ✱ ✱ ✱

Portsmouth, Va., Jan. 18.—(Special.) For the first time in the history of the city, the doors of a white edifice for the reception of white worshippers, to-day were thrown open to colored mourners, when the funeral of Wm. Elliott, ninety years old, and for the last forty-nine years janitor of Court-St. Baptist Church, was conducted by the Rev. J. M. Armistead, colored, in the church auditorium, which was filled to its capacity with relatives and friends of Elliott. The balcony overlooking the auditorium was also filled to its capacity with the members of the Court-St. congregation.

The Revs. R. B. Garrett, pastor of the church, A. E. Owen, pastor of South-St. Baptist Church, and W. P. Hines, pastor of Park View Baptist Church, delivered touching eulogies on the dead janitor.

The chair near the chancel, occupied during every service in the old and new Court-St. Church for the past forty-nine years by Elliott, was draped handsomely by the ladies of the congregation.

The deacons of Court-St. Baptist Church acted as honorary pall-bearers.  
—"The Negro Advocate."







# PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS

COLORED CO-OPERATIVE PUBLISHING COMPANY,

82 W. CONCORD STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

WILLIAM H. DUPREE.....	President Board of Directors.
WILLIAM O. WEST .....	Secretary and Manager.
JESSIE W. WATKINS .....	Treasurer.
PAULINE E. HOPKINS .....	Literary Editor.

The March number marks another epoch in the life of "The Colored American Magazine." In this issue our patrons secure a work of art and eighty pages of choice matter, devoted to the interests of the Afro-American in every quarter of the globe. Our new cover design is a miracle of artistic beauty; the reading of the design is prophetic—thorns and thistles for our past mingled with roses which indicate hope for the future.

For all of this great improvement we are indebted to the generous and noble heart of a friend who shall be nameless for the present, but who will, we hope, be presented to our readers in the near future.

For three months our patrons have been sorely tried by the lateness of the magazine, which is explained by the new presentation which we make this month. The amount of work necessary to the production of the magazine in its new spring dress has been prodigious, added to the annoyances to which the inclement New England weather has subjected us. Water-pipes have burst, machines have broken down, snow-storms have made roads impassable and travelling perilous, but still we have

struggled to have the book appear each month, and have not missed an issue.

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

It is with deep regret that we announce the death of Mr. H. Harrison Wayman, General Agent, Philadelphia, for "The Colored American Magazine." Mr. Wayman's death was sudden. He was young, full of ability, and had a bright and promising future before him. He leaves a young widow and two children. We shall give in our April number a full account of Mr. Wayman's life and death, accompanied by a beautiful portrait of our loved assistant. Requiescat in pace.

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

We are in receipt of the "Report of the Fourth Annual Convention of the National Business League." This interesting pamphlet is issued by Mr. Charles Alexander, Wilberforce, O. Some of the matter will appear in the April number of "The Colored American Magazine."

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Miss Bertha Jacobs, whose picture graced the cover of our February magazine, is of Worcester, Mass., not Boston, Mass., as was erroneously stated.

## BRANCH OFFICES OF

## THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1904.

GREATER NEW YORK—45 Park Place, N. Y. City. N. Barnett Dodson, General Agent.  
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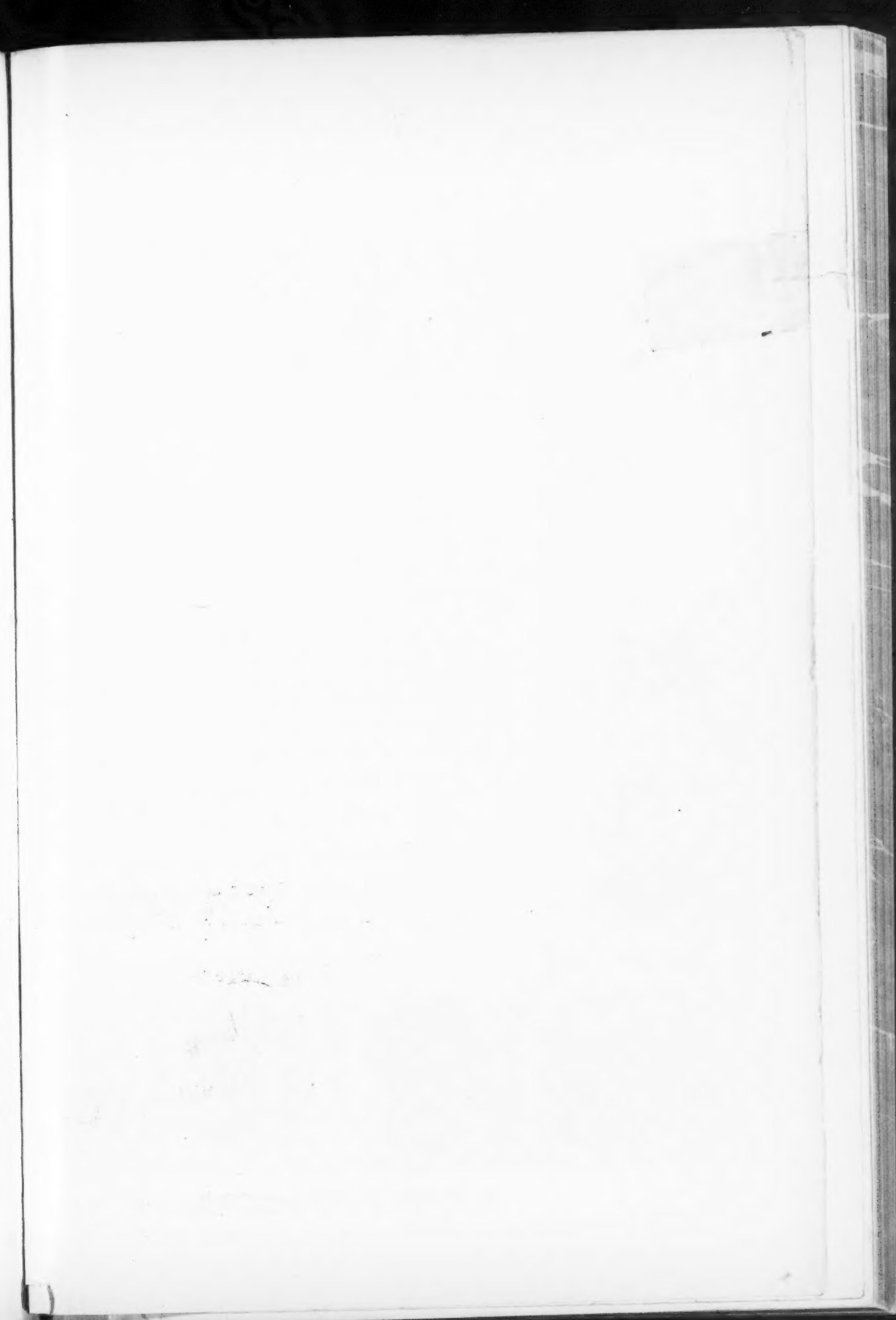
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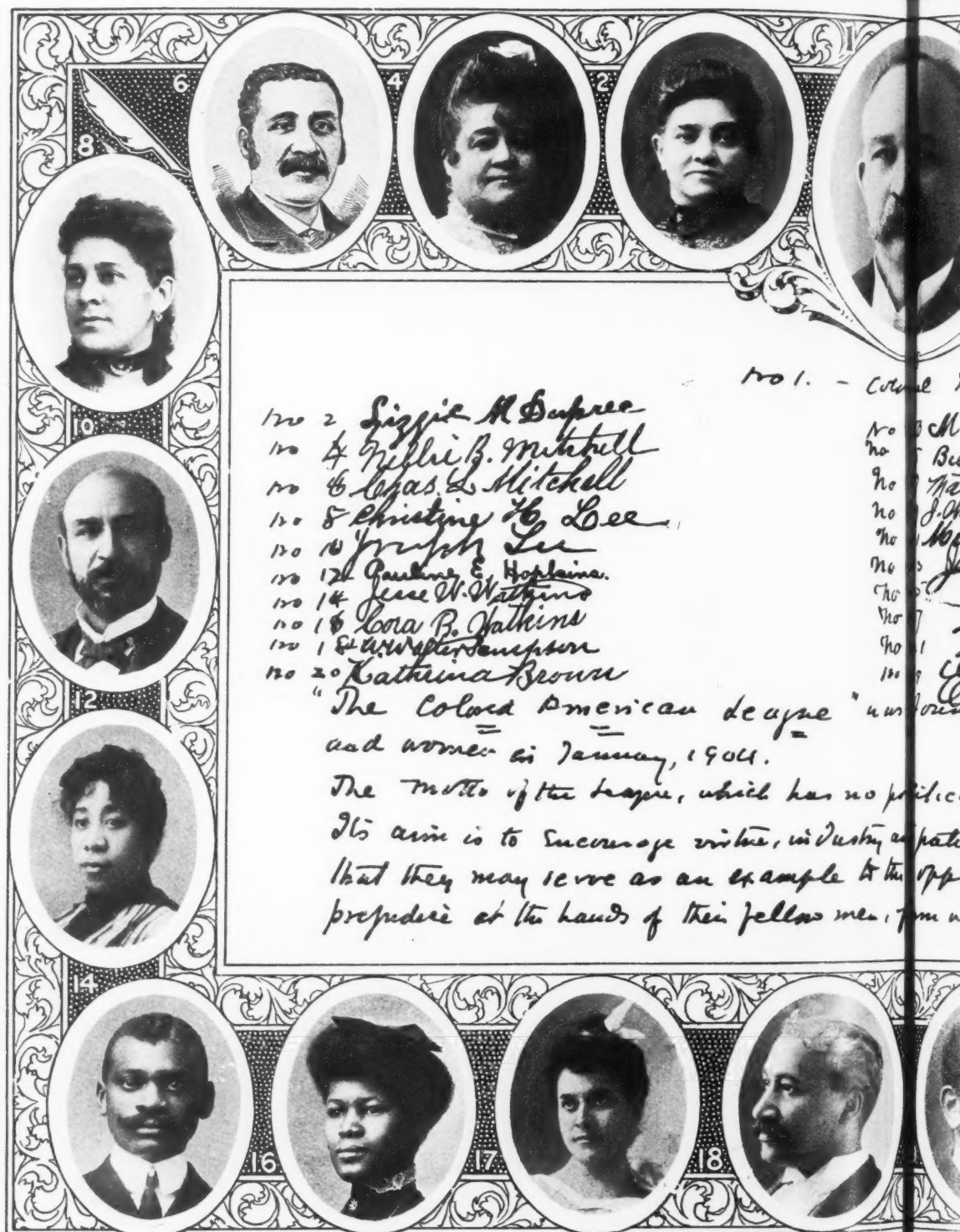
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"The Colored American League" was organized and women in January, 1904.

The motto of the League, which has no political aim is to encourage virtue, industry and patriotism that they may serve as an example to the oppressed and the hands of their fellow men.

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political purpose to serve, is "for Humanity.  
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